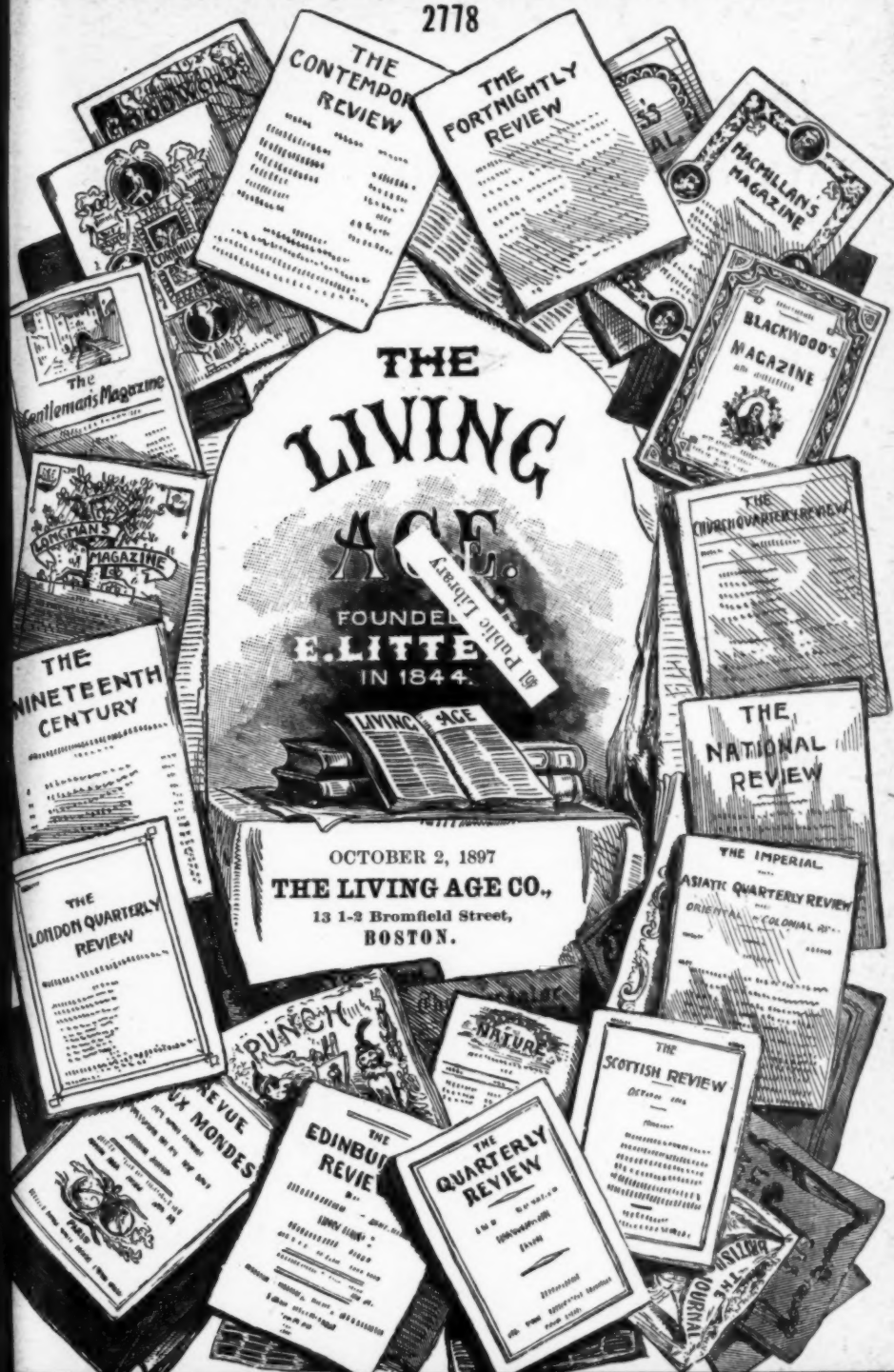


THE NOVELS OF MR. GEORGE GISSING.

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OCTOBER 2, 1897
THE LIVING AGE CO.,
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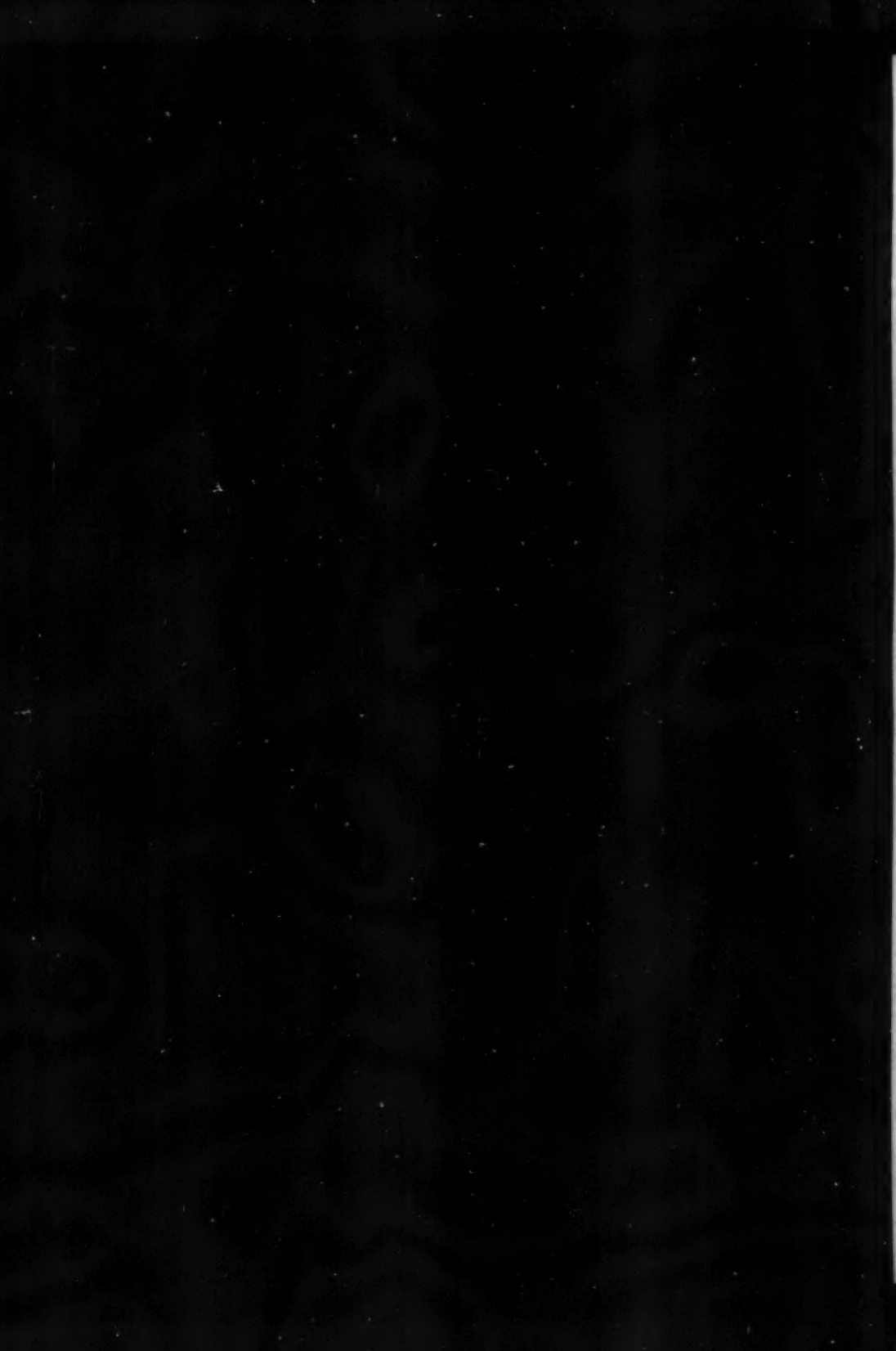
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THE LIVING AGE.

Sixth Series,
Volume XVI. }

No. 2778—October 2, 1897.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CCXV.

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RAIN IN THE RIVER.

Lo, the image of man's endeavor;
Foam and bubbles that burst and flee:
Rain in the river—rain in the river—
Rain in the river that hastes to sea.

Tears are flowing for ever and ever,
Many for sorrow, and some for glee:
Rain in the river—rain in the river—
Rain in the river that hastes to sea.

Resignation that falters never;
Bitter revolt at the wrongs that be:
Rain in the river—rain in the river—
Rain in the river that hastes to sea.

What shall hearten us? What deliver?
Virtue and Truth that make wise and free:
Rain in the river—rain in the river—
Rain in the river that hastes to sea.

May we have courage to fight forever,
And never to yield, tho' our blood may be
Rain in the river—rain in the river—
Rain in the river that hastes to sea.

HERBERT E. CLARKE.

A WOMAN'S LETTER.

Women should never write, I know: and
yet I write
That you may tell
My heart afar, and read it now with
clearest sight,
As at farewell.

I shall trace nothing fair that does not
fairer dwell
In your mind's store;
But words which love re-echoes oft will
find a spell
Ne'er heard before.

Oh! may they bear you joy! I wait for it.
Withal
I watch here long.
At times meseems I pass hence hearing
your foot-fall
Amid the throng.

And when you take in solitude the silent
way
Across the land,
Turn not—if swallow darting round your
feet in play
Should touch your hand.

For I as soon shall pass. All passes!
Summer warm,
And flower, and bee!
And you go hence with them. I stay
where autumn storm
Weeps heavily!

But if of life we climbed at morn in hopes
and fears
The upward slope—
Divide we to descend. See now I keep the
tears,
Keep you the hope.

Ah! nay, so indefeasible the bonds that
link
Our souls, our fate,
To wish you days of sorrow would, O
friend! I think
Be self to hate.

MARCELINE VALMORE.

LABUNTUR ANNI.

In the old year's distance, I remember
well,
How a passing shadow came with each
passing bell:
Elder generations passing swift away:
Yet the shadow came and went; youth
again was gay.

In the midway distance, I remember well,
Deeper fell the shadow then with the pass-
ing bell:
Warrior, statesman, poet, priest, mighty
in their day,
All our manhood mourning wept when
they passed away.

Now there is no distance more, near the
goal at last:
Time has nothing left to give; all is of the
Past:
Father, mother, sister, brother, none are
left behind;
Only in the old tree still sings the old sea-
wind;

Sings as in those distant years long, long
ago,
Cradle-song of childhood once, age's
death-song now:
Sings with moanings manifold the won-
ders of the sea,
Peril, loss, adventure, hope, and a better
hope to be.

Spectator.

A. G. B.

From The Quarterly Review.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF GEORGE CANNING.¹

A short time ago, while hunting in the depths of a large chest which has stood undisturbed for many years against the wall of a gentleman's library, the writer of this article discovered a number of letters. Among them were more than a hundred letters and notes written by George Canning to his lifelong friend, John Hookham Frere. Some fill two or three large sheets of paper—the stiff hand-made paper of those days; others are of the most trivial nature, invitations to dinner, and the like. They are too few in number and too fragmentary to make a book; but some extracts from them are here offered in the hope that they may serve as a foundation for a chapter in that ideal "Life of George Canning" which has yet to be written.

The story of the rupture between Pitt and Canning has been told from various points of view. Stanhope in his "Life of Pitt" expresses a dignified regret that so highly gifted a man as Mr. Canning could not see the necessity of following Pitt's lead, while Lord Sidmouth's biographer plaintively bewails the unhappy disposition that led Mr. Canning to torment so good a man as Mr. Addington. Canning's own opinion of the matter is given in his letters to Frere in the years 1801–1805.

The general impression has always been that Pitt resigned office in 1801 on account of the king's refusal to consider the Roman Catholic claims. Such, no doubt, was the ostensible cause of his retirement. But Frere, whose close friendship with Canning and other public men gave him every opportunity of knowing what passed behind the scenes, was always of the opinion that the Roman Catholic question was used by Pitt as a cover for his real motive. "In the face of the national distress from deficient harvests, England was left, by the defection of allies, absolutely alone to carry on the contest with

all Europe." She must have a breathing-space; but Pitt did not believe that any peace with France could be lasting, and knew at the same time that "a transitory and illusory peace" could only damage his own prestige. "He therefore determined to leave to other hands the credit of making and, if possible, maintaining such a peace." Lord Malmesbury shared this opinion. "It looks at times to me," says his diary in February, 1801, "as if Pitt was playing a very selfish and, in the present state of affairs, a very criminal part; that he goes out to show his own strength and under the certain expectation of being soon called upon again to govern the country with uncontrolled power."

In the autumn of 1800 Pitt and Lord Grenville had drawn up a scheme for the relief of the Irish Catholics, by which a political test was to be substituted for the sacramental test hitherto imposed upon all persons holding office under the crown. The king was not informed of the project. Pitt may have thought that his Majesty would yield in the end, as he had yielded on several previous occasions, against his own firm convictions, or the indolence caused by bad health and low spirits from which the minister had been suffering may have made him neglectful. In the mean time, the chancellor, Lord Loughborough, whom Pitt had privately consulted in the matter, betrayed the scheme to the king. George III. instantly took alarm. Did his ministers wish him to violate his Coronation Oath? At the Levee on Wednesday, January 28th, 1801, "he intimated to Wyndham (secretary at war) that he should consider any person who voted for the measure as personally indisposed towards him." Such a public declaration of the king's feeling obliged Pitt to tender his resignation on January 31st. At first the king hesitated to receive it. "I shall hope that Mr. Pitt's sense of duty will prevent his retiring from his present situation to the end of my life." But Pitt could not accept the compromise offered to him—that the ministers should take no further steps in the matter of Catholic relief, and that the king should refrain from expressing any opinion on the

¹ The Political Life of the Rt. Hon. George Canning. By Augustus Granville Stapleton. Three vols. London, 1831.

question. The speaker of the House of Commons, Henry Addington, was therefore invited by the king and encouraged by Pitt to form a Cabinet. Before this was completed, the king, who had been greatly agitated by the controversy, was seized with one of his old attacks of mental derangement from which he had been free for the last twelve years. Pitt and Addington, the one minister *de facto*, the other *de jure*, were obliged to carry on the government together, and to confer on the necessity of a Regency Bill. But in the beginning of March the king recovered his senses. A hop pillow prescribed by Addington is said to have enabled him to sleep, and in a short time he could transact business.

Pitt resigned the Exchequer Seal on March 14th. For him and for Lord Grenville, and for those members of his Cabinet who had supported him on the Irish question, there was no other course open. But there were some promising men who had held the lesser offices under his government whom it seemed unnecessary to displace; and there were others who might be willing to join "the Substitutes," as George Ellis nicknamed them, if such a proceeding did not involve hostility to Pitt. He therefore made it a particular request that his retirement should not affect his friends. Some—amongst them his brother, Lord Chatham—found their attachment to Pitt obliged them to remain; others, as Charles Ellis bitterly writes, felt "their friendship for him and their duty to their country *particularly and more* strongly to call upon them to take office in support of their country at the crisis when he deserts it." (This is evidently a hit at Lord Eldon, who took the Great Seal "only in obedience to the king's command, and at the advice and earnest recommendation of Mr. Pitt"). A few resigned, giving as their reason that, "when Pitt, the only man in their opinion fit to be minister, went out, they followed his example."

Canning had been joint paymaster to the forces. He wrote to Frere from the pay office on March 24th, briefly announcing the change in his circumstances. "The new ministers are in, and the old ones out; I am out with them, I and Leveson; and that is all in

the House of Commons. Lord Gower, and that is all in the House of Lords. Everybody else remains." This, however, was not the case. Pitt's intimate friend, Mr. Long (afterwards Lord Farnborough), resigned, as did also Mr. Rose. There is something of poetic justice in the fate of Lord Loughborough. George III. was not the man to encourage double-dealing; and the chancellor, instead of gaining any preferment, found himself obliged to give up the Great Seal to Lord Eldon. Most of Pitt's friends were hurt by his conduct, but to Canning it was something more than a passing grievance. From the beginning of Canning's political life, Pitt had taken particular notice of him, treating him with the nearest approach to affection that his undemonstrative nature was ever known to show. Canning's father, who died young, was disinherited by his family in consequence of an imprudent marriage, and Canning owed his education and start in life to the kindness of an uncle. Pitt was anxious that the young man, whom he already regarded as his political heir, should find a rich wife, and no one seemed better pleased than himself when Canning's choice fell upon Joan, the daughter of Major-General Scott, a lady with a fortune of £100,000. The wedding took place in July, 1800. Frere thus described it to his nephew:—

I was to be best man, and Pitt, Canning, and Mr. Leigh, who was to read the service, dined with me before the marriage, which was to take place in Brook Street. We had a coach to drive there, and as we went through that narrow part, near what was then Swallow Street, a fellow drew up against the wall, to avoid being run over, and peering into the coach, recognized Pitt, and saw Mr. Leigh, who was in full canonicals, sitting opposite to him. The fellow exclaimed, "What, Billy Pitt, and with a parson too!" I said, "He thinks you are going to Tyburn to be hanged privately," which was rather impudent of me; but Pitt was too much absorbed, I believe, in thinking of the marriage, to be angry. After the ceremony he was so nervous that he could not sign as witness, and Canning whispered to me to sign without waiting for him. He regarded the marriage as the one thing needed to give Canning the position neces-

sary to lead a party, and this was the cause of his anxiety about it, which I would not have believed had I not witnessed it, though I knew how warm was the regard he had for Canning. Had Canning been Pitt's own son, I do not think he could have been more interested in all that related to this marriage.

Lord Brougham once compared Canning to a hothouse plant unduly forced. Success came to him too early in life. With brilliant talents, a large fortune, and Pitt for his friend, all the world seemed at his feet. When Pitt, without a word of warning, suddenly retired from the field, leaving his country and his friends to do as best they might, the disappointment was too great to be borne.

Addington vainly endeavored to persuade Canning to remain, anxious, no doubt, that the satirist's talents should be enlisted on his side. "It is but just to A. to say that his behavior throughout was fair, mild, and conciliating—much beyond what I could have adopted to any friend or foe." So owns Canning in one of his letters to Frere, but he takes care to add immediately: "Such is his behavior to everybody, friend or foe, and I therefore take it as no particular merit to myself, and ascribe it to him only in justice, not in praise." Throughout the early part of the correspondence Canning plumes himself on his own good behavior towards Addington in a manner that is sometimes absolutely comic.

We are excellent good friends, A. and I—so much so in his estimation that the other day it was used as a topic of persuasion to a friend of mine whom a common friend of *his* and A. wished to take office, that there could be no objection on my account, for that A. considered me as perfectly kind and cordial towards him.

In the first bitterness of surprise and disappointment, Canning wrote a full account of all that had passed for the benefit of Frere, who was then envoy extraordinary at Madrid, and sent it to Pitt, that the ex-minister might see how his conduct was regarded by some of his followers. The letter was lost on its way to Spain, and for months afterwards all Canning's letters to Frere

open with a lament over its disappearance. In his correspondence it served the same office as "the great fire at Wolf's Crag" in Caleb Balderstone's domestic economy; information of every sort was contained in it.

Pitt's answer to this communication may be read in Stanhope's life. It utterly disclaims the notion "that there has been anything unkind, much less unfair, in any part of my conduct, or anything either for me to excuse or for you to complain of or to forgive." It is calm, dignified, not unkindly in tone—but it was not adapted to soothe Canning's resentment. Outwardly he and his chief parted on the old friendly terms; but he was smarting with a sense of injury that nothing could palliate. He withdrew to his recently purchased country-house South Hill, and there beguiled his time with farming, playing with his eldest son, who had come suddenly into the world in the midst of the bustle and confusion of Canning's retirement from the Pay Office, and with writing long letters to Frere.

It is curious, in all these letters, to note how Canning's heart was yearning after his old idol and his old occupations, although he affected to think that his friendship with Pitt and his political life were alike over. "I considered my intercourse with P. as closed forever," he writes on July 12th, 1801; and then proceeds to pour out his grievances against his former leader in a confused medley:—

Confidence, just enough to mislead and not enough to guide; enough, and more than enough, to make one feel one's self a party to all that he did, and bound therefore in common honor to share in all the consequences of it, but stopping short of the point at which one might have begun to see that he had an intention of separating himself from those who ought naturally to be his followers; a complete and unreserved sacrifice of me to A.—not (I am willing to believe) because he loved me less, but yet on what other principle to account for it?—a want of candor which I have never met with in him before—and a stubborn self-satisfaction in the consciousness that whatever I might think or feel I could never easily make my case good to others, but should be obliged to

acquiesce ultimately in the broad, general, and, in respect to me, utterly *false* description of having acted singly against his known wishes; the rest, the how and why, being, as he knew, between ourselves only.

All this, and more, Canning lays to Pitt's charge, and then goes on to recount all that he had done for Pitt's sake:—

I had a pride and pleasure in exhausting all the sacrifices that I could make for him, in adding to those of office, of ambition, of hopes and prospects which he did not choose to take to himself, the more acceptable offerings of all the prejudices and dislikes, proud, resentful, or jealous feelings as *he* would call them—all the natural and justifiable, manly, and consistent judgment of others and estimation of one's self, as *I* think them—which, indulged to their full extent, would have made a cordial reconciliation between A. and me impossible. This sacrifice I did make; *how*, you would have known in detail, if my long letter and its inclosures had reached you. You would have known too in equal detail how this sacrifice had been met on the part of him who was the subject of it.

Nevertheless, at the close of the letter we learn that Pitt was expected at South Hill. In the next letter, Canning alludes with an air of superior pity to "Poor P.," who had expected that peace would be concluded before midsummer:—

It is very extraordinary that all his own experience should have taught him no better, but he certainly did believe that the existence of a determined disposition to peace on our own side only would bring it about, in spite of Bonaparte. I apprehend he is undeceived by this time.

It was balm to Canning's wounded feelings to find Pitt in the wrong and himself in the right; and when Pitt came to South Hill for the christening of the son and heir, all went smoothly. The Princess of Wales was also present, and the ceremony was performed by Canning's relative, Mr. Leigh, who had officiated at his wedding.

You would have found Pitt and Leigh as capable of being brought into collision at dinner that day as they were some

months before at your grand dinner on the day of my marriage; but the princess being by, and understanding P. as well as she does, and Sneyd helping her to a just understanding of Leigh, the effect was much more happy. It is very extraordinary, but P., with all that he has done and thought and seen, is such pure nature that Leigh himself is scarcely more an ingénu than he.

On Pitt's return to London, he busied himself with the negotiations for peace, which had been carried on for some time without success by the secretary of state for foreign affairs, Lord Hawkesbury ("Jawk," as Charles Ellis irreverently styles him). The Preliminary Articles were signed on October 1st, 1801. Public opinion was well expressed by the saying: "It is a peace which everybody is glad of, though nobody is proud of." The country needed rest, but there was a general feeling that France had been allowed to get the better of us in the negotiations. In the mean time Canning chafed at his seclusion:—

Retirement is well enough at sixty-four, but at thirty-one it is rather to be *borne*, it it *must* come, than sought or continued if you can avoid it. *I own* this to *you*, and yet I know nobody who has more to make them happy, or who *is* more happy and more thankful for the means of happiness within their power, than *I am*. But the thought will obtrude itself now and then, that I am not where I should be—*non hoc pollicitus*.

Here it may not be out of place to say a few words concerning her who was Canning's chief "means of happiness"—the "Joan" to whom there are so many loving allusions in her husband's letters. Mrs. Canning never figured prominently in fashionable or political society. Stapleton's "Life and Times of George Canning" scarcely notices her existence; and other biographers generally content themselves with giving her maiden name and the amount of her fortune. From these letters to an intimate friend, we can gather some idea of what she was to her husband—a devoted helpmate, a loving companion, a sympathetic listener, a prudent adviser. She identified herself completely with his interests: "Joan and I think that"—

"Joan and I are doing this"—are often-repeated phrases. But hers was not the blind submission of a weak mind to a strong one; she had the courage to take Pitt's part against her husband in the worst days of their estrangement.

"Joan bears all like a little heroine" are the concluding words of Canning's first letter to Frere, written in the time immediately following Pitt's resignation; although in her state of health, the excitement and confusion around her, and the fatigue of moving house, must have been peculiarly trying. If she could sympathize with her husband's cares, he could enter into hers, as is shown by one of his letters, written when the Princess of Wales was expected at South Hill in the course of the following week:—

Joan is at this moment bustling about the new Chintz Bed . . . which Mr. Smith, the Windsor upholsterer, has sent home all wrong done up—never was anything like the blunders which that upholsterer has fallen into on this occasion. It would be tedious to particularize them all—suffice it to say the bed does not at all answer the expectations formed of it, and if the princess condescends to sleep soundly in it, it must be more from her own goodness than the bed's desert.

Mrs. Canning seems to have been delicate. Her husband makes several allusions to her bad health. Frere's mother writes in the February of 1802, that Mrs. Canning has been alarmingly ill, and that Canning, having sat up with her for one or two nights, has grown quite thin and worn with anxiety and nursing.

Canning's children were also very dear to him. When the eldest son, George Charles, arrives, he is pronounced by his father to be "one of the finest boys, if not the very finest, that ever was seen;" but when "my new little boy, William Pitt," makes his appearance, Canning is equally proud of him. "Toddles" (afterwards Lady Clanciarde) once brings a most important letter to an abrupt conclusion by insisting that her father shall play with her.

But the farm and the nursery could not long take the place of the House of Commons, although he was too proud

and too sore to take any share in public affairs except with his pen, which for the next few years was an unfailing source of irritation to the government. Lord Malmesbury notes in his diary at the time of Pitt's retirement from office: "Canning told me Pitt had made him promise *not to laugh* at the speaker's appointment to the Treasury; and this was *all* he could possibly undertake." It was a promise that was soon broken. In the letter to Frere already quoted, Ellis gives some lines which Canning had written to the popular tune of "The Little Plough-boy," and begs Frere to finish the parody:—

So great a man, so great a man, so great
a man I'll be,
You'll forget the stupid Speaker who sat
behin' the Lee.

In former years the three friends had been wont thus to write for the *Anti-Jacobin*, one falling in so perfectly with the other's ideas that it is still a doubtful point how far each was responsible for "The Rovers" or "The Needy Knife-grinder." Canning never lost his taste for writing verses, although he took no trouble to preserve what he had written. Every one knows the epigram on the relation between the two ministers:—

Pitt is to Addington
As London to Paddington.

Another, not so well known, was written when blockhouses were built to guard the approaches to the Thames:—

If blocks can from danger deliver,
Two places are safe from the French:
The one is the mouth of the river;
The other, the Treasury Bench.

But Canning sometimes struck a higher note, as on May 28th, 1802, when a number of Mr. Pitt's friends gave a dinner at the Merchant Taylors' Hall to celebrate his birthday. Pitt himself was not present, and some of the old-fashioned Tories looked askance at the proceedings. John Frere, M. P. for Norwich, writes to his son the ambassador, on May 25th, "Friday next is the birthday of Mr. Pitt, when about one thousand of his friends dine together. 'Tis a foolish thing, I think, and putting

him somewhat on a level with Mr. Fox." Canning wrote the fine song "The Pilot that weathered the Storm," to be sung at this dinner. The much-desired peace already seemed to be on a precarious footing, and the last verse of the song must have had an ominous sound in the ears of many of the assembly:—

And oh, if again the rude whirlwind
should rise,

The dawning of peace should fresh dark-
ness deform,

The regrets of the good and the fears of
the wise

Shall turn to the Pilot that weathered
the storm.

On October 5th, 1802, Canning and his wife were at Walmer Castle as the guests of Pitt, who had been alarmingly ill. "For one day, if not longer, his life was certainly in danger." But when Canning wrote to Frere, the patient was recovering strength daily.

During his convalescence—while I, of course, spared all painful and perplexing subjects of discussion, and endeavored to make him feel at his ease, as if I had no political notions to trouble him with, I have—or rather we have (for Joan is a great help to me in this as in everything else, and loves poor P., and has always taken his part in the worst times)—been in the way to pay him little attentions, which, though nothing in themselves, he has appeared not to dislike at our hands.

As soon as Pitt began to recover, Canning beset him with representations of the deplorable state to which the country was reduced in consequence of Addington's misrule.

Though I cannot say that he has always cordially agreed with me, yet he has every day found it more difficult to maintain a difference of opinion. . . . Would to God he could be brought to see while it is yet time that with such Champions as Buonaparte and the Dr. on either side this country has not a fair chance of being kept on its legs—that a change there must inevitably be—and that there is but one man, and that one himself, to whom we can look for safety in any alternative, whether of peace or war. I am persuaded that this is more and more felt every hour in all parts of the Kingdom, and that the Doctor could not do better for himself,

and can in no other way do common justice by the king or the country, than to negotiate for himself as quick as may be a retreat with honors and emoluments, and entreat Pitt to take off his hands a weight that ought never to have been placed there. No endeavors of mine are wanting to put this necessity in its true light here. And yet I understand that the Dr.'s friends, so far from being obliged to me for the service which they suppose me to be desirous of rendering him, are extremely disgusted and angry at my visit to Walmer.¹

The visit to Walmer seems to have brought back all the old devotion to the idol which, but a little time before, Canning had sworn should be broken in pieces. Alone and in declining health, the great statesman was in a softer, more human mood than when he penned that lofty answer to the younger man's outburst of jealousy and disappointment; and Canning, who had never known a father, was glad at heart to return to his allegiance to one who regarded him as a son.

I have had opportunities of quiet, comfortable, uninterrupted conversations, such as for two years past I have desiderated in vain, and have had the satisfaction of finding, after that two years' interval, filled as it has been with the most unpleasant events, and with consequent differences of conduct and opinion, no change in P., no diminution of cordiality or confidence, and a gradual but I think growing approximation of sentiments in regard both to persons and things.

Canning, now firmly convinced that the country was as weary as himself of "the Dumplin Ministry," as Lady Malmesbury contemptuously styles them in a letter to Frere, began immediately to collect signatures to a petition requesting Addington to resign in favor of Pitt. Matters were progressing well when Lord Mulgrave betrayed the project, and Pitt sent his commands that no further steps should be taken by his friends. Canning was forced to obey, and consoled himself by writing lam-

¹ In another part of the same letter Canning professes himself as consoled by "the extreme baseness and imbecility of the Dr. and his Compeers" which looks as if the cordiality of his reconciliation with Addington had declined.

poons against "the Doctor," his family, and his adherents, and by grumbling, as usual, to Frere.

I am confident, perfectly confident [he writes on August 25th, 1803] that had not my plan of last November been betrayed to Pitt (by Mulgrave), and had P. done what he ought to have done, turned a deaf ear to the disclosure and let the thing go on as if he had known nothing of it, the government would have fallen before the end of the before Christmas session.

Another attempt was made to bring back Pitt, on the eve of war, in the March and April of 1803. On this occasion it was Addington who proposed his return. But Pitt refused to take office, unless he were assured that the king wished him to do so. He made no other conditions, "only reserving to himself the power of declining the undertaking altogether, if he could not form such a government as would enable him in his judgment to conduct the affairs of the nation with a fair probability of success." But the same Cabinet could not possibly include Addington's party and the Grenvilles, who were among the most able of Pitt's supporters, and the negotiations were broken off.

The negotiations for peace with France were also proving of no avail. Deceived by our readiness to grant all that was contained in the Preliminary Articles, Napoleon increased his demands. England, on the other hand, thought that enough, if not too much, had been conceded, and would yield no further. The final rupture came when we refused to give up Malta to the Knights of St. John. On May 18th, 1803, war was declared in the king's name.

Pitt resumed his parliamentary attendance, and a change of some kind seemed imminent. On June 3d, Colonel Patten moved for a vote of censure on "the remissness and want of vigilance of the ministry previous to the declaration of war." The course of action which Pitt had marked out for himself forbade him to join in the censure; on the other hand, he could not openly support the ministers against his own party. He therefore moved that the question should be put by and that the

House should proceed to the orders of the day. Only fifty-six followed him into the lobby, and Canning was not among them. The king and the government were rejoiced at this signal defeat. Canning's opinion is given in a letter to Frere, dated Whitehall, June 9th, 1803:—

Our great project for the session has failed. A. is not out. Nor P. likely to be in. But the next best object is fully attained. P. is completely, avowedly unmistakably, and irrevocably separated from A., and if not in direct hostility to him, restrained from being so only by consideration for the K. This consideration prevented him from speaking out on Friday night what he thought of the conduct of the ministers in the late discussion with F (rance). He took a middle line, which, as middle lines generally do, and generally ought to do, led to discomfiture and disgrace. He divided but 56. We, his friends, who had already declared against A., could not in honor or consistency follow him in this division—one or two did, but in mass we could not—we had afterwards a division of our own, when Pitt was gone out of the House.

Then follow the names of the thirty-four who supported Colonel Patten's motion, divided by Canning into "Grenvilles and Windhams," "Us or Pitt's Friends," and "Lord Fitzwilliam's."

All P.'s moderate friends went away. Fox and most of his immediate followers did the same. Those of *old* Opposition who did stay, voted with Government. Bootle shirked, and Boringdon¹ voted with Government in the House of Lords, after joining for the last two months as heartily as heart could desire, in the cry against the Dr. No matter. I am glad he has been brought to the test. Others (upon the whole) stood it well. And we could muster a few more than are here recorded.

After several vain attempts to induce Pitt "to take some more decisive line of his own," Canning left town for Welbeck, where Mrs. Canning was then staying on a visit to her sister, the Duchess of Portland, firmly resolved—so he declared—not to set foot again in the

¹ Canning's friend, Lord Boringdon, afterwards Lord Morley.

House of Commons until the next session. But

when I had been about three weeks at Welbeck, I was surprised by the sight of a Division in the House of Commons on an amendment of P.'s to a Tax Bill. I thought it right to hurry up to Town with all possible speed, in hopes of being in his next Minority. But while I was upon the road he had divided once more with a select 24—and after I reached Town there was no further opportunity. I was glad, however, that I came. And so, I thought, was he. The difference of my Vote from his on the Motion for Censure, had been made the grounds of reports of Quarrel and final Separation; which the appearing at his side for a week together in the House, ready to follow him, if he had found occasion to try his strength (or rather expose his weakness) a third time completely did away. I was glad, too, to have an opportunity of seeing the progress which had been made, in the course of his parliamentary attendance, in contempt, dislike, and thorough ungovernable indignation against the Dr. and his whole System. It was no small satisfaction to me, whom he, and his neutral friends, the Camdens, Villiers (Longs perhaps), etc., had been accusing of passion and acrimony to find that P. was in a temper to which mine was mildness, whenever he was personally opposed to A., and that he had in the judgment of impartial people—and still more (as you may suppose), according to the cry of the Ministerialists—infused into the debates a degree of contemptuous asperity not likely (one should imagine) to be generated upon the modifications of a Tax Bill.

Canning was disposed to think that Pitt's conduct at this time was doing him no good in the public opinion.

Whether the refinement of refusing to condemn them for the great mass of guilt which (in his opinion as well as in mine, and that of those who composed our minority) Ministers had been accumulating ever since the Peace of Amiens, and then dividing against them upon petty amendments in Revenue Clauses, be likely to have the effect which he no doubt intends it should, . . . or that the plain, unrefining, downright, fatheaded Public will see nothing in the distinctions which he has taken but had generalship, clumsy opposition, good opportunities romantically lost,

and ill ones vexatiously sought for to repair them—this I do not pretend to determine. I have my own opinion; but it is right to confess that it is not the prevailing opinion even among our own friends. Leveson, on whose judgment I am generally inclined to place much reliance, and who has certainly been better able to judge from having been on the spot the whole time (while I have been absent, with the exception of about a week, for the last three months of the Session), conceives that P. had done himself good and the Government much harm in the House of Commons. . . . I see no reason now why A.'s administration should not hobble on and outlast the Country. And this is the more provoking, as I do really think that there are means and hopes of raising the Country to a pitch of glory and power, such as it has never attained before, if the administration were in able hands. Nay, I am not sure that the tendency to rise is not so strong, that it *will* rise in spite even of the overlaying suppressive stupidity of the present people. And then they will have the credit of what they could not help, and a long lease to ruin us at their leisure.

In this letter to Frere, Canning enclosed a pamphlet which had lately appeared. No names are mentioned, and the pamphlet itself is not forthcoming, but it is clear that it must have been the celebrated "Cursory Remarks upon the State of Parties by a Near Observer," which professed to give an account of the recent negotiations between Pitt and Addington. It accused Pitt of deceit in pledging himself to support Addington's government without having the least intention of fulfilling the pledge, and of making no effort to restrain his own party. Canning was singled out for special blame.

Mr. Pitt unequivocally approved the peace. Mr. Windham, the Grenvilles and their adherents, as decidedly affected to lament and condemn it; while the personal friends of Mr. Pitt and the members most attached and devoted to him by the habits of private life, took the liberty of disclaiming him for their leader and indulged in every species of rancor, malice, and hostility against the person who had the *presumption* to fill his vacant place in the Cabinet. Of this party, Mr. Canning, if not the founder, had the reputation of being the leader.

The Near Observer then made merry over Canning's displeasure at Pitt's refusal to join in the vote of censure.

I know indeed that to Mr. Canning Mr. Pitt has not appeared to have acted with sufficient energy and character in this memorable vote. . . . Mr. Canning's indignation has carried him so far that he has scarcely since made his appearance in the House; but I hope he will forgive the *weakness* of his right honorable friend and return.

He taunted Canning with being "a mere partisan and stickler for the house of Grenville," and asked him—

Whether he had been juster to himself and to his own just pretensions and character than we have seen him to the sensibility of his friend and patron, when he condescended to become a hero of squibs and epigrams, a leader of doggrel and lampoon, a power in the war of abuse and invective, an instrument of Mr. Windham, and an auxiliary of Cobbett?

The writer of the pamphlet was unknown. Canning believed him to be a member of the House of Commons, "from many minutiae which would have escaped a person out of doors." Copies of it were sent to several persons by Mr. Vansittart, secretary of the treasury, which naturally led Pitt's friends to think that Addington was responsible for it. Canning made an attempt to find out something from the publisher, but without success. "Hatchard is sworn to secrecy, and will not tell me. He behaved very well about it, for he brought me the proofs of the part relating to myself, offering to refuse to publish it if I objected; but I saw nothing to object to."

With the pamphlet Canning enclosed a copy of a letter from Pitt to Addington, which has also disappeared.

P., at the time that he gave it to me, absolutely forbade its being communicated—except to two or three Persons then in London. But the transaction is now so long past that it is a matter of history, and the representation so impudently given of it in the Pamphlet makes it necessary that the statement should accompany it. This letter from P. to A. was the conclusion of the Negotiation. A., I believe, did reply to it, but his

reply was mere *bother* and lame exculpation and profession; except indeed that he insinuates, or rather asserts pretty roundly, that P. first intimated to him, A., his desire to be brought into office, and that he, A., thought he was coming up exactly to his wishes, in proposing to bring him in as he did, *with* the present Government and in aid of it. This, P. says, is a lie. For the rest, you will find the Pamphlet entertaining enough, and may rely upon it as their party creed. I think it might be well answered, and have had some thoughts of answering it myself, but I shall probably be too lazy, and I shall at all events wait to see what turn P.'s mind takes toward the Meeting of Parliament in November before I make up my mind whether to give myself any more trouble about party politicks in or out of Parliament.

The "Cursory Remarks" were so widely read and discussed that some answer had to be made; but Pitt had suffered too much from the enmity caused on all sides by Canning's *jeux d'esprit* to entrust him with such a delicate task, and Canning was again a disappointed man. When he next writes to Frere, "the doctor's pamphlet" has become

the most atrocious instance of private ingratitude and personal injustice that ever was published. . . . I should have been very glad to be asked to undertake the answer. Unasked I would not meddle with it. Proffered services are too cheap to be prized. And I am now pretty well used to the difference between open and tacit encouragement, and know what it is to act on one's own conviction that what one is doing is agreeable to those for whose sake it is done, at the risque of being disavowed in the face of the world for an irregular and ungoverned zeal, if the result should be unsatisfactory or the policy of the hour changed. Had P. expressed a wish and *promised to abide* by my answer, I should have been ready to do my best, and I could have done it better than I ever did anything—I am sure I could. But I hope it was not owing to a sneaking disposition to separate *his* case from that of his friends; I hope it was not from that motive that he preferred putting it into other hands. But in other hands I am afraid it is,—*whose* I know not. I know only that the opportunity of publishing it to advantage is lost by having deferred it till after the meeting of Parliament, till the minds

of people are full of other matters, and the attack itself forgotten, though the mischief done by it is not likely to be so soon effaced.

The person whom Pitt invited to answer the *Near Observer* was Mr. Courtenay, son of the late Bishop of Exeter, who had published an essay on finance which met with general approval. His pamphlet was written from Long's notes under Pitt's superintendence, and is entitled "A Plain Answer to the Misrepresentations and Calumnies contained in the *Cursory Remarks* of a *Near Observer*; by a *More Acute Observer*." It is well and clearly written, with a dignity and self-restraint which contrast favorably with the violent invective of the *Near Observer*; but the impression left on the reader's mind, whether from accident or design, is that Pitt was separating his case from that of Canning.

When the *Near Observer* thinks (most mistakenly) that it would have been so easy for Mr. Pitt to have controuled and guided the parliamentary conduct of *Mr. Canning*, it will not be thought unreasonable in me to suppose that Mr. Addington may have some influence over the conduct of the *Secretaries of the Treasury*.

Further on it is expressly stated that "Mr. Pitt disapproved highly of Mr. Canning's parliamentary conduct."

After this, reconciliation between Pitt and Addington was impossible. The state of Pitt's health made him slow to agree to the course which his friends urged upon him. In a conversation with Lord Malmesbury, he described himself as "assailed in prose and verse" by his "eager and ardent young friends," Canning and Leveson. Canning was growing very impatient of Pitt's delay.

He pauses, and hesitates, and shirks, and shuffles, to avoid going into direct open avowed parliamentary opposition; but it is all in vain. Go he must, like all ex-Ministers before him, a little sooner or a little later; and if he will not let me go before him, I must wait his time.

There was not much longer for the restless spirit to wait. The king's illness precipitated the crisis. Grenville

formed a junction with Fox, and made overtures to Canning. Canning replied on February 20th, 1804, in a letter a copy of which, in his own handwriting, is among the Frere papers. He agreed that a change of ministry was imperative, but he warned Grenville that he considered himself as "unpledged as to any connection with any new government (however otherwise unexceptionable) in which Mr. Pitt should not be included."

When Addington resigned in April, 1804, it was proposed to form "a comprehensive administration" which should include Fox and Grenville. But the king was determined against admitting Fox, and Grenville would not take office without his new ally. Pitt was bitterly indignant at Grenville's refusal to support him. "I will teach that proud man I can do without him," he exclaimed, "if it costs me my life."

Canning at first declined to take part in the new administration, giving as his reasons that he was not yet ripe for office, and that Pitt might be accused of partiality in choosing him. Perhaps he was beginning to see how much harm he had done to his patron's cause in the last three years. In the end he consented to become treasurer of the navy. Unfortunately for us, Frere left Madrid in the summer of 1804, and we have only a few triumphant lines sent by Canning to meet him on the road towards home:—

How P. at length came forward in Parliament—how the Government was obliged to turn itself out—how the scheme of a large comprehensive Administration had nearly succeeded, and by what means it failed—how I did all I could for it—and how I would fain have been left out of that which was formed instead of it—but how, in spite of myself, I am Treasurer of the Navy, are matters for many a long conversation.

Having plenty of work, and having Frere within reach, Canning now wrote fewer and briefer letters, with slight references to public events. Pitt's last years of office were troubled by quarrels amongst his followers. Mr. Addington, under the new title of Lord Sidmouth, became president of the Council,

to the great disgust of Canning, who promptly tendered his resignation, but was induced to withdraw it. Lord Hardwicke and Mr. Foster had a violent dispute. Canning's account of it is not very clear, but he describes Pitt as trying to reconcile them "in his usual balancing way."

Lord Sidmouth soon found his position unbearable, and retired, as was announced to Frere in the following lines scribbled on a small sheet of note-paper:—

Sat., July 6, 1805.

The Doctor is out again.

So things may come about again.

There could be no sympathy between the brilliant genius and the good dull man whom George III. styled "his *own* chancellor of the exchequer."

But a change was approaching, beside which all other changes sank into nothing. Pitt's health had long been failing, and he died on January 23d, 1806. There are no letters from Canning to Frere until the September of that year; it is easy to imagine that what he felt could not be set down on paper.

In 1812, when speaking at Liverpool, Canning said:—

To one man while he lived I was devoted with all my heart and all my soul. Since the death of Mr. Pitt I acknowledge no leader; my political allegiance lies buried in his grave.

From the time of Pitt's death, he was indeed "a masterless man." He stood alone, and had to face the consequences of his past misdeeds. An accidental meeting with Lord Sidmouth brought about a reconciliation, but there were others who had felt his stings, and who were ever ready to avenge themselves.

He had his private sorrows, also. "Little George," who had developed an incurable lameness in his childhood, became a hopeless invalid, and died in March, 1820, to his father's inexpressible grief. "On all sides were half-estranged friends and half-reconciled enemies." Frere, to whom he always turned for sympathy, had settled in Malta, only visiting his friends in England occasionally. Old hopes were

gone, old visions faded, and Canning was fast breaking down beneath the load of toil and anxiety. The two longest letters in the Frere collection, written in 1823 and 1825, show how times had changed with him.

After Lord Londonderry's suicide Canning returned to the Foreign Office, and had been greatly occupied by the troubles in the Peninsula. The Revolution, which began in Spain in 1820, spread to Portugal. John VI. of Portugal was ready to grant a new Constitution. Both he and his chief adviser, the Marquis Palmella, felt that the old despotism was dead. But he was goaded on the one side by the revolutionaries, who demanded "the Constitution of 1812," and on the other by the Absolutists, headed by his own wife and son, who would hear of no changes. In 1823 Louis XVIII. sent the Duc d'Angoulême into the Peninsula with a French army to crush the rebels. Canning would fain have sent an English army to expel the invaders, but he saw that the risk would be too great. He therefore acknowledged the independence of the Spanish-American colonies, and, to use his own words, "called the New World into being to redress the balance of the Old."

The first of the two letters, dated August 7th, 1823, opens with something of the old spirit. Canning has treated Frere "scandalously," but he will atone for it by stopping the Malta mail until his letter is finished, which "may, from the inconvenience which it will occasion to the general correspondence of the island, be accepted by you as an atonement."

First, let me thank you for all your communications, verse as well as prose. I do not laugh at your solution of prophecies. I do verily feel sometimes as if the "ends of the world were come upon us." It is clear that the present state of things cannot last. It is one of heaving and struggling between conflicting principles. Which will get the better, Heaven knows; but that the struggle cannot be eternal is plain. *Apropos* to this topic (singularly *apropos*), here comes Mr. Owen of Lanark for a second audience (one of two hours I have already given him, to my infinite cost and suffering); his purpose being to

show that nothing but the establishment of his parallelograms can cure the evils of the world, and especially of Ireland. I won't see him—I won't. I am writing to Mr. Frere by the Malta Mail, and Mr. Owen may set off for Lanark if he will; but see him now I will not. So to proceed.

Coming down to mere earthly things, I was delighted to find your notions of what was the best line in politics tally with my own. I do not deny that I had an itch for war with France, and that a little provocation might have scratched it into an eruption. But fortunately the better reason prevailed; and I look back on the decision with entire and perfect self-congratulation. Never was the Country so completely satisfied with the course taken by the Government—or, I might say, so grateful for it. For they saw and felt—felt in their own hearts and judged by their own feelings—that there was a great temptation the other way. . . .

The truth is that the French Government never seriously resolved upon the war, and upon the plan and object of it, but suffered themselves to be driven on from position to position (*political* position I here intend) by the Ultrageous party of their followers, their pokers and goaders, and have been lured on from one military position to another in Spain, by the unexpected facilities of their advance, till they are now at the extremity of the Peninsula with all the fortresses unreduced behind them. A failure before Cadiz would rouse the population against them, and make their retreat as murderous as their advance has been bloodless. The capture of Cadiz would involve them in difficulties of another sort—the Allies, with Russia at their head, being all for the *Re Absoluto*, and the French being pledged to something liberal and representative, and the Spaniards agreeing upon nothing but to hate and persecute each other. We are out of all this, and have no disposition to get into it. Neither Spain nor France care much for our interference unless we would interfere as partisans; but the Allies lament themselves heavily at our separation from them, and cannot, for their lives, imagine how it has happened that in disclaiming their principles we should have said what we really mean, and should thereafter continue pertinaciously to act as we have said. A little prudery, a little dust for the eyes of the House of Commons, they could understand, and were prepared for it; but this real *bonâ fide* disapproba-

tion astounds them, and the sturdy adherence to it, when nobody is by, when we might just lift the mask, and show our real countenance to them without the world's seeing it,—this is really carrying the jest too far, and they can tell us plainly that they wish we would have done and “cease our funning.” The history of this I could tell them in two words—or rather, in the substitution of one word for another—for “Alliance” read “England,” and you have the clue of *my* policy.

The most perplexing part of the affairs of Spain is the influence that the good or ill turn of them (be good or ill which it may) is likely to have upon those of Portugal. Palmella is there in a most critical situation. If the French are baffled in Spain, a new Jacobin Revolution may break out in Portugal. If they succeed, that evil may be avoided; but another of an opposite sort may spring up, in an Ultrageous fashion, fatal to all modification, and trundling Palmella and his moderate Reforms out of doors. The best thing for all the world would be a compromise in Spain; but that is the one thing not to be had. Long years of havoc must precede it.

Connected with the questions of Spain and Portugal are those of their respective Americas, which are severed, beyond all doubt, from their respective Mother Countries forever. What a world does this consideration open!

Yet with Europe and America thus pressing upon my attention, and Africa too—for we have Slave Trade matters in abundance (and Malta too was in Africa till Van¹ moved it by Act of Parliament),—shall I own to you, I often turn with longing eyes to the Quarter of the World which I have abandoned, and wish myself governing some eighty or a hundred millions in the shades of Barrackpore. Nothing but the Event of this time twelve-month² could have changed my destination; and whatever might be the dictate of public duty (and I believe I estimated that aright) I am far from sure that public duty alone would have induced me to acquiesce in the change.

But poor Joan could never abide the thought of India, nor Harriet either. They had made up their minds to go with me; but when the opportunity so unexpectedly arose of my staying here with them, and in a situation and under circumstances, to all outward appearance, so full

¹ Possibly Vansittart (?).

² Lord Londonderry's suicide.

of all that just ambition required, why, it was impossible to resist; and most reluctantly I gave up the solid for the shining—ease, wealth, and a second publick life in the House of Peers, for toil, inconvenience, and total retreat after a few, a very few, years of splendid trouble.

The sacrifice was enormous; but it is made. You can have no conception of the labor which I undergo. The two functions of Foreign Secretary and Leader of the House of Commons are too much for any man, and ought not to be united; though I of course would rather die under them than separate them, or consent to have separation in my person.

I have no reason to be personally dissatisfied with the Session. . . . My business has been rather to defeat prophecies, and to disappoint calculations of evil, than to seek occasion for what I do not want, additional *viduæ* in debate. I have been very forbearing in combat, using the scalping-knife never above once or twice, and almost disusing keener and brighter weapons till I am in danger of being thought exceedingly dull. This, because it was prophesied that I should "lay about" me. And as to the conduct of business, I have studiously and anxiously put Peel and Robinson as forward as possible, never taking their concerns out of their hands, and only supporting them *en seconde ligne* where necessary. This, because it was foretold that I should engross and forestall everything. In short, I doubt whether Mr. Pelham himself, in the days of Whig stagnation, would have been a quieter Minister.

But oh that we had such days and nights of Gods—such superdûm labor—as Mr. Pelham's was! The exhaustion of strength is really terrible. What do you think of ten hours per day as the average of our sitting for four days in the week, and for seven weeks—from Whitsuntide to the end of the Session? The average from Easter to Whitsuntide was only nine; that of the Session before Easter, only six. But the latter two-thirds were overwhelming; and not the less so from the utter uninterestingness of greater part of the discussions, Ten hours of the four-and-twenty in the House of Commons (for I am always there) leave you exactly fourteen for the necessary occupations of food and rest and for the whole business of my Office, not to mention the details of all other business that is to come before Parliament. Society, you may suppose, is out of the question; exercise and air wholly so. . . .

I do not think I have many years' work in me, and when I retire, my retirement will be like Bertram's "tropick night," sudden and total. A new reign, a new Parliament, and some other Epoch, I could anticipate as likely to produce this result. I sometimes feel as if I might say to "afford this opportunity;" for although the world supposes that I have arrived exactly where I wished to be, I am arrived ten years too late for enjoyment and perhaps for advantage to the Country. However, and when it may, my political life shall end with my present situation. I will not engage again in contentious politicks, nor will I live in the world, after I have taken leave of politicks altogether. How little does the world believe how little I *personally* care about the time when all this may happen.

The second letter was not written till January 8th, 1825, and opens, like the other, with an apology:—

My occupations are overwhelming. The same Office in 1808-9 was nothing in point of work compared with what it is now—and the House of Commons was nothing when taken (as I then took it) arbitrarily and occasionally, compared with the eternal Sitting to which I am now doomed, whether there be anything worth sitting for or no. . . . I came hither [Bath] to be out of the way, and to lead a quiet life for a week or ten days with Liverpool. . . . I have two youngers of secretaries, whom I work very hard all the morning, till about half-past one, when Liverpool presents himself at the door on a grey mare, and with a pair of huge jack-boots, of the size and consistency of fire-buckets (only not lettered). I mount a grey horse to join him on his ride (with one or other of my aide-de-camps), and with boots not quite so large and stiff as his, but in revenge, with a pair of large gouty woollen shoes over them. In this fashion we parade through the Town to one of the outlets towards the downs; gallop for an hour and a half, and then return to finish our respective Posts and dress for dinner. We dine regularly at Liverpool's. In the evening I send my youngers to the play or ball—and I go and drink tea with my mother—and then about half-past ten home to bed. . . .

But where are Joan and Harriet all this time? you will say. Why am I at Bath without them to nurse me? Why, they are at Paris, on a visit to the Granvilles, and most fortunately they had set out for

Paris before my attack of gout came on. Otherwise I should not have got them away; for which I should have been very sorry. . . . Their reception has been attentive and flattering beyond measure by King, Court, Ministers, Ultras, and Liberaux, for there is certainly this peculiarity about me, that while Kings and Courts, etc., are civil as to a Minister, the Liberals are still more forward on account of what Prince Metternich considers as my Revolutionary principles.

This is not however true of *all* Kings and Courts. I am afraid that there is one who, if he knew *how*, would send me to any Court or Kingdom so that he could get me out of his own. And yet, I take my oath, I serve him honestly, and have saved him, in spite of himself, from a world of embarrassments in which a much longer entanglement with Prince Metternich and his Congresses would have involved him. It is not generally known, but the truth I really take to be, that my fall was determined upon not many weeks ago. The South American Question was the step that was to trip me up; and there were those deep in the secret Cabals of who warned their friends that the Ides of December would see a change. The Ides of December, however, came, and they are gone; and here am I still, with the South American Question carried,—*non sine pulvere*, but carried. As you, no doubt, receive the English newspapers, I need only say that what you read in them upon this subject is nearly correct. I did, while I lay in bed at the Foreign Office, with the Gout gnawing my great toe, draw the Instructions for our agents in Mexico and Columbia which are to raise those States into the rank of Nations. I did, the day after I rose from my bed, communicate to the Foreign Ministers here (and first in order, as becometh, to those of the Holy Alliance) the purport of those Instructions. The thing is done. They may turn me out if they will and if they can—

Non tamen irritum
Diffinget infectumque reddet—

an act which will make a change in the face of the world, almost as great as that of the discovery of the Continent now set free. The Allies will fret; but they will venture no serious remonstrance. France will fidget; but it will be with a view of hastening after our example. The Yankees will shout in triumph; but it is they who lose most by our decision.

1 Name illegible.

The great danger of the time—a danger which the policy of the European System would have fostered—was a division of the world into European and American, Republican and Monarchical; a league of worn-out Governments on the one hand and youthful and stirring Nations, with the United States at their head, on the other. We slip in between, and plant ourselves in Mexico. The United States have gotten the start of us in vain; and we link once more America to Europe. Six months more—and the mischief would have been done.

Had they turned me out upon this question (and I *would* have gone out if I had not carried it), it would have been only to bring me in again with all the commerce and manufactures of England at my heels. They therefore (whoever may be comprised in that *they*) thought better of it; but no doubt they will be on the watch to revenge themselves, when they may; and I must walk with caution and good heed, knowing that there are mines and trap-falls all around me. Liverpool and I have agreed throughout, and he has acted with me most firmly and strenuously. Could they have separated him from me, I think they would have ventured the trial. . . .

I think I have pretty nearly exhausted all that I had to tell you of myself. Of public concerns, Ireland only gives us any uneasiness. And that not so much from apprehending any immediate danger of an explosion there (for there is *none*, I verily believe), as from the apparent and utter hopelessness of ever bringing that unhappy Country to a settlement.

It never was in such a state of prosperity—never. Land pays its rent; Commerce increases rapidly; Manufactures are planted in parts of the kingdom where never before Capital ventured to trust itself; Justice is administered with a more even hand than ever before, and is acknowledged by the people to be so; and even the sore Evil of tythes has, by an Act of last year (one of the wisest ever passed by a legislature), been in all instances lessened, and in many entirely removed.

But in the midst of all these blessings (for such they are) the demon of religious discord rages with a fury hitherto unknown. The Catholic Demagogues fear that the equitableness of Lord Wellesley's administration should put Catholic Emancipation out of sight; and the old Protestant faction take advantage of the indiscretions and violences of the demagogues, to spread an alarm of rebellion; to decry Lord

Wellesley's system of leniency and impartiality, and to call for the return of the "iron times." Such is the real history of the factions which now agitate Ireland. But I hope, and I believe, the storm will pass away without bursting. As to any practical good to be done in respect to the Catholics, they have made that hopeless for years to come. This Country is once more united as one man against them.

The new feature in the case of Ireland at present is the interest which Foreign Powers take in it. France, and more especially the Jesuit and propagandist party in France, certainly have their eyes fixed upon the struggle; and if the Foreign Ministers thought (as they most undoubtedly did), and wrote to their Courts in 1818 and 1821, that England was about to be swallowed up by a Revolution, it is not wonderful that they should now be inspiring fears (or in some instances, perhaps, hopes) of the like Catastrophe in Ireland.

But they will be disappointed. A few unpleasant nights in Parliament we shall have; but six months hence Mr. O'Connell and the Catholic Association will be with Spa-fields and Manchester; and the Protestant fanatics and polemicks will, I hope, have shrunk back into their shell.

It was almost the last letter which he wrote to the friend of his boyhood. Pitt's heir, like Pitt himself, was struck down in the midst of his work. To him, as to Holbein's laborer in the field, the summons came to lie down beside the uncompleted furrow:—

"It's a long field," says Death, "but we'll get to the end of it to-day—you and I."

IN NATURE'S WAGGISH MOOD.¹

BY PAUL HEYSE.

Translated for THE LIVING AGE by Harriet Lieber Cohen.

PART V.

On high days and holidays when everybody was out of doors, all intent on seizing a breathing time from labor and routine, Mr. Theodore Hinze would sit aloft at his window and, mother-of-

pearl opera-glass in hand, follow his old-time custom of gazing down at the passers-by, drawing the while his own sagacious and philosophic conclusions. A pastime still more to his liking was watching the growth of the plants and flowers in the garden opposite. He had come to regard these as his private possession. "My carnations are doing finely this year," or "My tea-roses are not budding as well as usual," he would say to Magnus. But though the garden failed to arouse Magnus's interest, the small one-story house next it was more successful, and he would listen with close attention to Hinze's stories of its occupants, the grey-haired couple whose love for each other was shown in so many beautiful ways, and about whom the little man never tired of talking. They had had an only daughter; she had died, after a short but happy marriage, leaving in turn a little girl, and of the brightness which the child's presence in the house might have brought them, they were deprived, since she had been sent to boarding school. These and many other matters of more or less consequence had been imparted by the tailor's wife who, like many another, made her neighbor's business her own.

"It seems to me," said the dwarf to his attentive auditor, "that of all the common pleasures from which we are shut off, this is the one of which we have most right to complain. What a great thing it must be to grow old with the woman you love, to laugh at trouble when she is at your side to bear it with you. Now—we two old bachelors—supposing, of course, that we have entered into an indissoluble partnership, and you know you have not"—here there was a little quiver in the voice—"told me what your ideas are—"

"If you do not change your mind," and Magnus's forehead gathered into a troubled frown, "this partnership will last till the end."

"Well then," there was a jubilant note in Hinze's treble, "we are quite as good as married, and to my thinking we make a handsome couple. I am

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sure we get along more amicably than many a married pair. The husband is well under discipline and the wife never takes advantage of her power."

"Who is the husband," asked Magnus with a smile.

"The idea of asking such a question!" said the little man excitedly. "Which of us follows his trade, and which of us confines himself to the housekeeping? Which made the proposition that we should cast in our lots together, and which at first coyly opposed it? Who wears a Turkish dressing-gown and a fez, and is generally in the right in disputes, rarely following up his victories since 'the wisest always gives way'? True, at the first glance, your size might be offered as an objection, but that must not be taken into account for in spite of your height you are much the more timid, not to mention your nervousness. Why, I have to be as careful with you as the tailor with his wife when she is ill. So, after all, there is only one thing lacking to a perfectly happy marriage, the hope of a son and heir to carry on the family."

But heaven was yet to bless this marriage, which surely was of her making, with the longed-for child. During the following winter, on one of their nocturnal expeditions, Hinze descried from his observation tower the figure of a lad stretched out on a mound by the wayside. He drew Magnus's attention to the pitiful sight, and stooping carefully the kind-hearted giant looked closely at the sleeping boy whose face, in the moonlight, showed unusual beauty, though hunger and cold had left their stamp on it. His clothes marked him a foreigner; he wore a black peaked hat, a lamb's wool jacket and sandals. His small bundle he had put under his head for a pillow, and a smooth stick about which his little fist was tightly curled in sleep, indicated that he was on a journey and had presumably lost his way.

The sleeper stirred, opened his eyes and at sight of the double-headed giant sprang up, seized his bundle and took to ignominious flight. But the seven

league boots presently overtook the flying heels, and the dwarf, slipping quickly to the ground, made such gentle overtures of peace in his childish voice that the boy's fears were quieted and he yielded a sleepy consent to his new found friends taking him home.

The tailor's wife was not over-responsive to the midnight rousing, but her ill-humor vanished at sight of the handsome boy, and the mother-heart went out to his helplessness. She arranged a bed for the waif in the studio, helped Magnus cook him some supper and then tucking the coverlid close about the little form bade her lodgers good-night in a voice in which the tears were struggling.

In the lad's jacket pocket was a letter written ostensibly by a German painter in Rome to a brother artist in Düsseldorf. The writer hoped that the model he was sending would do him credit; the boy was the handsomest to be had in a ten-mile circuit, just turned thirteen, clever for his age, and came from a family of models who for the past three generations had lived for art and art alone. He had provided Dominico with a passport, money and an itinerary, hoped he would reach his destination safely, etc.

But besides this letter, coat and trousers pockets contained nothing. Of itinerary, money and passport the lad had been robbed by some sharper, and then turned adrift. He had continued his journey afoot, his lustrous black eyes and glossy waving hair helping him not a little to procure shelter and food on the way. This story Dominico told the next morning in such German as he had picked up among the painter folk in Rome, and his broken speech made the tale the more pathetic.

Of the two listeners Magnus was the more especially touched, for while the little wood-engraver studied the model's face with his artist-eyes and forgot pity in admiration, his friend was taking counsel with himself how best to set this crooked matter straight. All alive as he was with indignation at the treatment the child had received, grave questionings as to the future of this

young life strangely linked to theirs steadied his mood.

"We will not allow this," he said at last. "It would be a sin and disgrace if we two did not do all in our power to rescue this helpless child. To be brought up for nothing but to be stared at all his life, to be admired, to be copied, to be——"

"You forget that this is a question of art," interrupted Hinze deprecatingly.

"Art! What is art that she dare drag a man from his high estate to be a mere feast for the eyes? According to your argument you would justify the sculptor who nails his model to the cross so as to carve his crucifixion. So far your fetiche has not harmed the lad, since honor and shame have as yet no vital meaning to him; if he never learns to know them, so much the worse for him, so much the more despicable of those who have helped him to his shamelessness! No, we will keep him here. We will make a man of him, not a showpiece, and if he amounts to nothing more than a hack-driver or a scavenger that will be better than to have him a model, a jointed puppet."

Without more ado he wrote a letter to the chief of police, stating the case simply and clearly, and offering to adopt the child and educate him.

The letter finished, Hinze picked it up, read it carefully and said: "You know, my dear fellow, that a wife cannot dispose of her property without her husband's consent, neither can she decide matters of moment for the children alone. You will permit me——"

He took the pen and subscribed his name to a postscript wherein he agreed to the above-mentioned proposition and stipulated to pay half the expense incurred.

The officer responded to the note in person; the case seemed to interest him. The singular partnership entered into by this strangely mated pair excited surprise in one to whom surprises were rare. But the peculiarity of the case threatened tedious complications and much detailed correspondence, and he agreed to the adoption *pro tempore*;

at all events until the rightful ownership of the child could be established.

The legal proceedings dragged along at such a leisurely pace that the winter passed and no claimant appeared to dispute with the two friends the guardianship of their foundling. Magnus wrote at once for an Italian grammar and dictionary, and by their aid, regularly gave his foster-son lessons in German—lessons that went better than those in writing—at which little lazy-bones showed himself a refractory pupil. A suit of clothes from the tailor converted the foreign-looking child, as far as garments went, into a native-born; and in this array he was taken out to walk daily by the tailor's wife, since air and exercise he must have, and his adoptive parents were loath to have him out of nights. A playmate was found for him in a lad of his own age who lodged in the house; sweetmeats and dainties were showered on him by lavish hands; in truth, he was treated like a princeling. And yet the lad was not happy. He would sit for hours, his hands idly folded, looking with great questioning eyes first at the giant, then at the dwarf. Whether he felt something abnormal in this association with men who might have stepped out of a fairy book it was difficult to discover, for his German could not help him to the expression of any but the simplest emotions. And no one questioned him.

One night the two friends returned, healthily tired from a long walk through field and lane—a magnificent thunder-storm had subsided and the soft summer rain that followed had tempted them out of doors—Hinze stopped in the studio for a peep at the sleeping boy before he mounted his ladder, Magnus struck a light, shielded it with his hand and the two walked on tiptoe to the corner where the little bed stood.

"He is not here!" cried Magnus hoarsely and the candle shook in his hand. "Where can he be?"

Hinze was up the ladder in a moment. He could be heard looking in all corners, pushing aside furniture, un-

locking closets, then his door opened and it was evident that he was making search for the child through the house. An anxious silence, then footsteps again overhead, and from the top of the ladder came the treble voice, broken with sorrow: "It was not to be, old fellow. We must submit to the inevitable. It was not intended that any one else should enter our lives. Shall I come down to you so that the night will not be so long for either of us, or do you think we had better make search for the boy now?"

No answer; and the little man's face grew whiter with a new-born fear. Then Magnus's voice, low and with an attempt at steadiness: "Shut the door and go to sleep. You are right; it was not to be. He was not happy with us. Can we blame him? Would not we too go out into the world, if we were like the others? Good-night, Theodore."

It was the first time he had called him by his Christian name.

Nothing was ever heard of the runaway and his name was never again mentioned by those whose lives he had filled with hope for so brief an interval. And as though each one felt that he owed it to the other to make compensation for the loss they had both suffered, rarely a day passed without some fresh sign of the love that was binding them closer. Through this finer intimacy which sympathy called forth it happened that Magnus's eyes were opened to the fact that a change was coming over his little friend. Summer was on the wane, vines were turning crimson, leaves were fluttering earthward, and bare spaces were showing between the branches; this last change seemed of especial importance to Hinze, who would drop his tools many times a day and, opera-glass in hand, gaze dreamily into the garden opposite. To Magnus's queries as to his absorption he would return rather confused and improbable answers, his little face growing as red the while as though autumn were painting it with her brightest colors.

One day, however, he threw off all

concealment and said, with an effort that evidently cost him dear, "Magnus, I have a confession to make. I'm afraid I have been walking on forbidden paths. An honest fellow does not look after pretty girls unless his wife knows about it. But, seriously, you know my principles and understand perfectly that I am in no danger of forgetting them. The fact is that when I first saw that exquisite face over there—it belongs, you know, to the granddaughter of the old couple, she has just returned from boarding school—well, when I saw it I thought that I had never beheld anything so perfect among all humankind—the humankind from which we are shut off"—this with a sigh—"and since then I seem to be bewitched. The instant she enters the garden my heart begins to beat and I jump up from my work, as though there were an electric battery between the balcony yonder and my chair. Then, fight as I may, I must drop my tools and stand at the window and follow her every movement. Come up here a moment and tell me if you can conceive a being more exquisite than she is."

Magnus's head appeared through the trap-door, thereupon his whole body, then with head and shoulders bent well forward he crept to the attic window and tried to adjust the opera-glass to his vision. The attempt was unsuccessful as the glasses were intended for eyes much closer together than his; then he fell upon the happy expedient of looking through but one of the lenses, and by its aid plainly distinguished the slender figure of a young girl who, judging from the pleasure she showed in gathering her bunch of flowers, admiring each dainty blossom as she plucked it, was intent on her task, and on that alone.

"Well, what say you? What do you think of her?" asked Hinze, stretching out his hand for the glass. This long and silent observation was a strain on his patience.

"She is quite nice," and Magnus backed out of his uncomfortable position and turned toward the stairway.

"Nice! You are a barbarian, a savage! Did you notice the fine oval of her face, the grace in the lines of the cheek, and the curve of the chin? And those innocent eyes and that mouth! Could Raphael have had a fairer model? And look at the pose of the bewitching little head, and its graceful movement, and the brown curls as the wind stirs them, and the dilation of the nostrils when she laughs—"

"And you have seen all that through your glass? Stuff and nonsense! You've dreamed it all. Don't take it ill of me, Theodore, but—you are scattering your principles to the winds and falling head over ears in love—"

"Magnus,"—there was something quite solemn in the little man's voice as he spoke, something quite dignified in his gesture as he laid down the glass with which he had again been looking at the object of his adoration—"I think you do not quite understand my ideas of honor. Even if this breast were not encased in a triple coat of mail, I would not pretend to raise my eyes to such a rare little lady as that. But this I will admit freely—I do have bad half hours when I think how matters might have shaped themselves had circumstances been different. Were I of ordinary size the fact that my father was an insignificant hair-dresser, and hers a baron would not deter me from trying at least to win her; and I venture to say that my standing as an artist, my record as a man, would never shame her. As things are you need never fear I will be unfaithful to our pact."

To this and further self-justification Magnus had nothing to say; and although he appreciated the heroism that dwelt in the tiny breast, there was sore trouble in his own great heart as he saw how this passion was overmastering his friend. Too often it happened that the dwarf, as he sat in friendly chat in the studio, would suddenly excuse himself on some flimsy pretext—a message to send to the publisher, or a note to write to a brother-artist, or a glass of wine to be taken for a feeling of faintness, or what not.

And then for hours at a time he would forget to come back, and Magnus would reflect that there was evidently much to be seen in the garden that day. It was seldom that the forlorn fellow looked through the green muslin, that curtained the lower half of his windows, at the girl whom he had grown, gradually and in spite of his native kindness of heart, to hate. And yet he could not help acknowledging to himself, that it was a gracious sight to watch the grandmother leaning on the fair girl as they walked arm in arm over the leaf-strewn paths, or to see the old man on the balcony, leaning back in his easy-chair, placidly watching the smoke-wreaths curl up from his pipe and casting a loving glance from time to time at the granddaughter half buried behind the newspaper she was reading to him.

But in the attic chamber overhead there was a much more appreciative witness of the enchanting scene, and at every turn and twist of the shapely head, the heart in the manikin's bosom beat audibly, and the manikin was happy in his pain.

The affair was becoming serious. Hinze was not only losing his appetite and sleep, but neglecting his work even when he was not at his post of observation. Magnus felt that the insidious disease must no longer be suffered to run its course unchecked and he decided upon a drastic measure. It seemed to him that the trouble was largely due to the distance that separated the lovesick little fellow from his enchantress, and that if he could but bring them into closer proximity one great step toward recovery would be made. Not only would the intoxicating perfume of flower and shrub, the obscuring mist, be eliminated but the disproportion in size would present itself in a more glaring light than through the opera-glass, which made the girl appear much of a size with the fairy princess of the little fellow's childhood.

The diplomat's proposal, made in an off-hand way, that Hinze should try, with the connivance of the tailor's

wife, to get a nearer view of the young lady, to slip into the garden, for instance, and so steal a glance at her face from under the shelter of a tall shrub, met with a rebuff as sad as unexpected.

"I see what you are counting upon," said the dwarf, a lover's distress showing beneath his smile. "You propose treating me as the confectioners do their apprentices, surfeiting them at first with sweets so that they will have no craving after them later. But your aim runs wide of the mark this time, old boy. My love for this dainty little piece of womanhood is purely Platonic. One never tires of admiring a noble work of art, let one approach it ever so closely. Every time I see my mignon's face I discover new beauties in it. Beside, old fellow, do you think I could lend myself to such a cowardly piece of deception? That scarcely suits my character. Fancy her discovering the little artifice by some accident, and staring at me as though I were a freak just escaped from the museum. Do you not think I would be overwhelmed with shame? Do you think I could ever raise my eyes to hers again? No, Christopher, don't trouble your wise old head about me. I promise to behave as reasonably as my years and experience would lead you to expect. What matter about my appetite? I have noticed lately a certain inclination to corpulence and I have no intention of letting it destroy the small amount of figure I do possess."

What slight comfort was to be gathered from these assurances Magnus accepted, making a virtue of necessity; had he known the foolhardy scheme revolving at that moment in Hinze's brain he would have realized that he was taking shadow for substance.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

From *The Contemporary Review*.
THE NOVELS OF MR. GEORGE GISSING.

In the general acceptance and in the spirit of most reviewing, a cheerful

alacrity of story, together with certain grammatical observances, are apparently the end of the novelist's art. It is, no doubt, the most obvious function of the novel of commerce, that it should fill, if possible without resort to split infinitives, the gaps where the texture of unadventurous lives thins out to the blankly uneventful. But if the novel is to be treated as literature, it must rise unmistakably above this level of bogus gossip entertainingly told. Tried by the lower standard, it is doubtful if the novels of Mr. Gissing would procure him a favorable verdict; it is said they are "depressing"—a worse fault surely even than "unreadableness." But in the study, at any rate, they are not so lightly dismissed. Whatever their value as pastime, it is undeniable that so soon as Mr. Gissing's novels are read with a view to their structural design and implications they become very significant literature indeed.

The earlier novelists seem to have shaped their stories almost invariably upon an illustrative moral intention, and to have made a typical individual, whose name was commonly the title of the novel, the structural skeleton, the sustaining interest of the book. He or she was presented in no personal spirit; Tom Jones came forward in the interests of domestic tolerance, and the admirable Pamela let the light of restraint shine before her sex. Beauty of form does not seem to have been sought by the earlier novelists—suffice it if the fabric cohered. About the central character a system of reacting personages and foils was arranged, and the whole was woven together by an ingenious and frequently complicated "plot." The grouping is at its simplest and best in the gracefully constructed novels of Jane Austen. As the novel developed in length under the influence of periodical publication, the need of some sustaining structure of ampler dimensions than the type individual led to the complication of "plot" to hold the bulk together. Plot grew at last to be the curse of English fiction. One sees it in its most instructive aspect in the novels of Dickens, wherein personages, delightfully drawn, struggle like herrings in a net amidst the infinite reticulations of rapid intrigue. Who forgets Mr.

Smallweed, and who remembers what he had to do with Lady Dedlock's secret? And in the novels of Wilkie Collins the plot in its direst form tramples stark and terrible. But in the novels of Dickens there also appears another structural influence. As Poe admirably demonstrated, the "plot" of "Barnaby Rudge" collapsed under its weight of characters, and the Gordon riots were swept across the complications of the story. The new structural conception was the grouping of characters and incidents, no longer about a lost will, a hidden murder, or a mislaid child, but about some social influence or some far-reaching movement of humanity. Its first great exponent was Victor Hugo, as Stevenson insists in one of his all too rare essays, and in the colossal series of Balzac each novel aims to render a facet in the complex figure of a modern social organization. Zola's "Lourdes" and "Rome," and Tolstol's "War and Peace" are admirable examples of this impersonal type of structure. This new and broader conception of novel construction finds its most perfect expression in several of the works of Turgenév, in "Smoke," for instance, and "Virgin Soil," each displaying a group of typical individuals at the point of action of some great social force, the social force in question and not the "hero" and "heroine" being the real operative interest of the story.

No English novelists of the first rank have arisen to place beside the great Continental masters in this more spacious development of structural method. The unique work of Mr. Meredith and the novels of Mr. Hardy are essentially novels of persons, freed from the earlier incubus of plot. Diana and Ethelberta, Sir Willoughby Patterne and Jude, are strongly marked individuals and only casually representative. In the novels of Disraeli—in "Sybil," for example—political forces appear, but scarcely as operative causes, and George Eliot and Mrs. Humphry Ward veil a strongly didactic disposition under an appearance of social study rather than give us social studies. Within the last few years, however, three English novelists at least have arisen, who have set themselves to write novels which are neither

studies of character essentially, nor essentially series of incidents, but deliberate attempts to present in typical groupings distinct phases of our social order. And of these the most important is certainly Mr. George Gissing.

The "Whirlpool," for instance, Mr. Gissing's latest novel, has for its structural theme the fatal excitement and extravagance of the social life of London; Rolfe, Carnaby, Alma, Sybil, Redgrave, and Mrs. Strangeways are, in the first place, floats spinning in the eddy. The book opens with the flight of the insolvent Wager, leaving his children to the landlady's tender mercies, and broadens to the vivid contrast of the suicide of Frothingham in his office, while his home is crowded with a multitudinous gathering of the semi-fashionable. The interlacing threads of the story weave steadily about this theme. Rolfe marries Alma, and for a couple of years they live an ostentatiously simple life in Wales, only to feel the fatal attraction grow stronger, and come circling back at last towards the vortex. Carnaby and his wife wander abroad seeking phantasmal fortunes for a space, but the fortune does not come and the exile becomes unendurable. Sooner or later the great eddy of strenuous vanity drags them all down (saving only Rolfe) to shame and futility, to dishonor and misery, or to absolute destruction. The design has none of the spare severity that makes the novels of Turgenév supreme, but the breadth and power of its conception are indisputable. It is, perhaps, the most vigorously designed of all the remarkable series of novels Mr. Gissing has given us. But the scheme of his "Emancipated" is scarcely less direct, presenting as it does, in an admirably contrived grouping, the more or less complete release from religious and moral restraints of a number of typical characters. "In the Year of Jubilee" is more subtly and less consistently planned. The picture of lower middle-class barbarism, relieved by the appreciative comments of Mr. Samuel Barmby, voracious reader of a latter-day press, was conceived in a fine vein of satire, but the development of the really very unenterprising passions of the genteel Tarrant

robs the book of its unity and it breaks up into a froth of intrigue about a foolish will and ends mere novel of a very ordinary kind. But Samuel Barmby, with his delightful estimate of progress by statistics, the savage truthfulness in the treatment of the French sisters, the description of Nancy's art furnishing, the characters of Horace Lord and Crewe, atone for a dozen Tarrants.

So far as the structural scheme goes there is an increased conventionality of treatment as we pass to Mr. Gissing's earlier novels, to "Thyrza," "Demos," and "The Nether World," and from these the curious may descend still lower to the amiable renunciations in "A Life's Morning," "The Unclassed" has its width of implication mainly in its name; it is a story of by no means typical persons, and with no evident sense of the larger issues. But "The Nether World," for instance, albeit indisputably "plottésque," and with such violent story mechanisms in it as the incredible Clem Peckover and that impossible ancient, Snowdon, does in its title, and here and there in a fine passage, betray already an inkling of the spacious quality of design the late works more and more clearly display. Witness the broad handling of such a passage as this:—

With the first breath of winter there passes a voice half-menacing, half-mournful, through all the barren ways and phantom-haunted refuges of the nether world. Too quickly has vanished the brief season when the sky is clement, when a little food suffices, and the chances of earning that little are more numerous than at other times; this wind that gives utterance to its familiar warning is the *avant-courier* of cold and hunger and solicitude that knows not sleep. Will the winter be a hard one? It is the question that concerns this world before all others, that occupies alike the patient work-folk who have yet their home unbroken, the strugglers foredoomed to loss of such scant needments as the summer gifted them withal, the hopeless and the self-abandoned and the lurking creatures of prey. To all of them the first chill breath from a lowering sky has its voice of admonition: they set their faces, they sigh, or whisper a prayer, or fling out a curse, each according to his nature.

The treatment of the work of Mr. Gissing as a progress, an adolescence, is inevitable. In the case of no other important writer does one perceive quite so clearly the steady elimination of immaturities. As a matter of fact his first novels must have been published when he was ridiculously young. I cannot profess research in this matter, but a raid upon dates brings to light the fact that a novel—it is unnecessary to give the curious the title—was published before 1881. It was long, so long that a year, at least, must have gone in the writing of it. And a convenient compendium of literary details informs me that in this year of grace 1897 Mr. Gissing is thirty-nine years old. This helps one to observe, what is still apparent without this chronological assistance, that he has been learning life and his art simultaneously. Very few novels indeed, of any literary value, have been written by men below thirty. Work essentially imaginative or essentially superficial a man of three-and-twenty may do as well as a man of forty; romance of all sorts, the fantastic story, the idealistic novel, even the novel of manners; all these are work for the young, perhaps even more than the old. But to see life clearly and whole, to see and represent it with absolute self-detachment, with absolute justice, above all with evenly balanced sympathy, is an ambition permitted only to a man full grown. It is the consequence of, it is the compensation for, the final stripplings of disillusionment. "There am I among the others," the novelist must say, "so little capable, a thing of flimsy will, undisciplined desires and fitful powers, shaped by these accidents and driving with the others to my appointed end." And until that serene upland of despair, that wide and peaceful view point is reached, men must needs be partisans, and whatever their resolves may be, the idealizing touch, the partiality, the inevitable taint of justification, will mar their handiwork.

Through all the novels of Mr. Gissing, fading with their progress, indeed, and yet still evident even in the latest, runs this quality of bias, that intervention. Very few of them are without a "most favored" character. In the "Whirlpool" Rolfe plays the chief sympathetic

part. Contrasted with the favored characters of the earlier works he is singularly inert, he flickers into a temporary vitality to marry, and subsides; his character persists unchanging through a world of change. The whole design is an attraction, a disastrous vortex, but he survives without an effort; he remains motionless and implies fundamental doubts. He reflects, he does not react. He has, in fact, all the distinctive inhumanities of what one might call the "exponent character," the superior commentary. If he errs he errs with elaborate conscientiousness; in all the petty manifestations of humanity, irritability, glimpses of vanity, casual blunders and stupidities, such details as enrich even the most perfect of real human beings, he is sadly to seek. Beside such subtle, real and significant characters as the brilliantly analyzed Alma, Hugh Carnaby and his wife, Buncombe, Felix Dymes and Morpew, he gives one something of the impression one would receive on getting into an omnibus and discovering a respectably dressed figure of wax among the passengers. But Rolfe is but the survivor of a primordial race in the Gissing universe; like the ornithorhynchus he represents a vanishing order. Personages of this kind grow more important, more commanding, more influential in their human activities, as one passes towards the earlier works, and to compare Rolfe to Waymark (of "The Unclassed") and that eloquent letter-writer, Egremont, in "Thyrza," is to measure a long journey towards the impersonal in art. In "The Nether World" there are among such indubitable specimens of the kindly race of men as Pennyloaf and the Byasses, not only "good characters" but "bad" also. The steady emancipation is indisputable.

In one little book at least, "The Paying Guest," published about a twelve-month ago, the exponent personage has no place; so that is, indeed, in spite of its purely episodic character, one of the most satisfactory of Mr. Gissing's books. It presents in a vein of quiet satire, by no means unfeeling, and from a standpoint entirely external, the meagre pretentiousness of a small suburban villa, the amazing want of intelli-

gence which cripples middle-class life. It is compact of admirable touches. The villa was at Sutton, so conveniently distant from London that "they had a valid excuse for avoiding public entertainments—an expense so often imposed by mere fashion." And while the negotiations for the Paying Guest were in progress, "at this moment a servant entered with tea, and Emmeline, sorely flurried, talked rapidly of the advantages of Sutton as a residence. She did not allow her visitor to put in a word till the door closed again." These are haphazard specimens of the texture. Their quality is the quality of Jane Austen, and whenever in the larger books the youthful intensity of exposition, the stress of deliberate implication relaxes, the same delicate subtlety of humor comes to the surface. Nearest to "The Paying Guest," in this emancipation from the idealizing stress, come that remarkable group of three figures, "Eve's Ransom," and the long novel of "New Grub Street."

Apart from their aspect as a diminishing series of blemishes, of artistic disfigurements, the "exponent characters" of Mr. Gissing deserve a careful consideration. If they are, in varying proportion, ideal personages, unstudied invention that is, they are, at any rate, unconventional ideal persons, created to satisfy the author rather than his readers. Taken collectively, they present an interesting and typical development, they display the personal problem with a quality of quite unpremeditated frankness. In that very early novel, "The Unclassed," the exponent character is called Waymark, but, indeed, Egremont, Quarrier, Ross Mallard, Tarrant, and Rolfe are all, with a varying qualification of irony, successive Waymarks. At the outset we encounter an attitude of mind essentially idealistic, hedonistic, and polite, a mind coming from culture to the study of life, trying life, which is so terrible, so brutal, so sad and so tenderly beautiful, by the clear methodical measurements of an artificial refinement, and expressing even in its earliest utterance a note of disappointment. At first, indeed, the illusion dominates the disappointment. "The Unclassed" is still generous beyond the possibilities of truth. It deals

with the "daughters of joy," the culinary garbage necessary, as Mr. Lecky tells us, to the feast of English morality; and it is a pathetic endeavor to prove that these poor girls are—young ladies, Jane Snowdon, the rescued drudge in "The Nether World." Mr. Gissing's parallel to the immortal marchioness, falls short of conviction from the same desire to square reality to the narrow perfections of a refined life. She is one of nature's young ladies, her taste is innate. She often laughs, but "this instinct of gladness had a very different significance from the animal vitality which prompted the constant laughter of Bessie Byass; it was but one manifestation of a moral force which made itself nobly felt in many another way." The implicit classification of this sentence is the essential fallacy of Mr. Gissing's earlier attitude: there are two orders of human beings. It is vividly apparent in "Thyrza." It is evident in a curious frequency of that word "noble" throughout all his works. The suburban streets are ignoble, great London altogether is ignoble, the continent of America also, considered as a whole. This nobility is a complex conception of dignity and space and leisure, of wide, detailed, and complete knowledge, of precision of speech and act without flaw or effort; it is, indeed, the hopeless ideal of a scholarly refinement.

As one passes to the later novels the clearness of vision increases, and the tone of disappointment deepens. "The Emancipated" is a flight to Italy to escape that steady disillusionment. People say that much of Mr. Gissing's work is "depressing," and to a reader who accepts his postulates it is indisputable that it is so. The idealized "noble" women drop out of these later works altogether, the exponent personages no longer marry and prosper, but suffer, and their nobility tarnishes. Yet he clings in the strangest way to his early standards of value, and merely widens his condemnation with a widening experience. In "Eve's Ransom" and "New Grub Street" the stress between an increasingly truthful vision of things and the odd, unaltered conception that life can only be endurable with leisure, with a variety of books, agree-

able furniture, service, costume, and refined social functions, finds its acute expression. The exponent character—a very human one—in "New Grub Street," Beardon, is killed by that conflict, and the book ends in irony.

"Happiness is the nurse of virtue," said Jasper.

"And independence the root of happiness," answers Amy.

"True. 'The glorious privilege of being independent'—yes, Burns understood the matter. Go to the piano, dear, and play me something. If I don't mind I shall fall into Whelpdale's vein, and talk about my 'blessedness.' Ha! Isn't the world a glorious place?"

"For rich people."

"Yes, for rich people. How I pity the poor devils!—Play anything. Better still if you will sing, my nightingale!"

So Amy first played and then sang, and Jasper lay back in dreamy bliss.

So ends "New Grub Street" with the ideal attained—at a price. But that price is still only a partial measure of the impracticability of the refined ideal. So far, children have played but a little part in Mr. Gissing's novels. In "The Whirlpool," on the other hand, the implication is always of the children, children being neglected, children dying untimely, children that are never born. "The Whirlpool" is full of the suggestion of a view greatly widened, and to many readers it will certainly convey the final condemnation of a "noble" way of life which, as things are, must necessarily be built on ignoble expedients. Mrs. Abbott's room, "A very cosy room, where, amid books and pictures, and by a large fire, the lady of the house sat reading Ribot," would surely have been the room of one of the most exemplary characters in the days before "New Grub Street." But the new factor comes in with, "She had had one child; it struggled through a few months of sickly life, and died of convulsions during its mother's absence at a garden party." In the opening chapter, moreover, Rolfe speaks of children, putting the older teaching into brutal phrases:—

They're a burden, a hindrance, a perpetual source of worry and misery. Most wives are sacrificed to the next generation

—an outrageous absurdity. People snivel over the death of babies; I see nothing to grieve about. If a child dies, why, the probabilities are it *ought* to die; if it lives, it lives, and you get the survival of the fittest.

The fashionable, delightful, childless Sybil "hates housekeeping." And Alma, pursuing the phantom of a career as a musical genius, leaves for the future one little lad, "slight, and with little or no color in his cheeks, a wistful, timid smile on his too-intelligent face." In the early novels it would seem that the worst evil Mr. Gissing could conceive was crudity, passion, sordidness and pain. But "The Whirlpool" is a novel of the civilized, and a counter-vailing evil is discovered—sterility. This brilliant refinement spins down to extinction, it is the way of death. London is a great dying-place, and the old stupidities of the homely family are, after all, the right way. That is "The Whirlpool's" implication, amounting very nearly to a flat contradiction of the ideals of the immature "Emancipated." The widowed Mrs. Abbott, desolate and penitent, gets to work at the teaching of children. And finally we come on this remarkable passage:—

It was a little book called "Barracks Room Ballads." Harvey read it here and there, with no stinted expression of delight, occasionally shouting his appreciation. Morton, pipe in mouth, listened with a smile, and joined more moderately in the reader's bursts of enthusiasm.

"Here's the strong man made articulate," cried Rolfe at length. "It's no use! he stamps down one's prejudice. It's the voice of the reaction. Millions of men, natural men, revolting against the softness and sweetness of civilization; men all over the world, hardly knowing what they want and what they don't want; and here comes one who speaks for them—speaks with a vengeance."

"Undeniable."

"But—"

"I was waiting for the *but*," said Morton, with a smile and a nod.

"The brute savagery of it! The very lingo—how appropriate it is! The tongue of Whitechapel blaring lust of life in the track of English guns. He knows it; the man is a great artist; he smiles at the voice

of his genius. It's a long time since the end of the Napoleonic wars. We must look to our physique, and make ourselves ready. Those Lancashire operatives, laming and killing each other at football, turning a game into a battle. Women turn to cricket—tennis is too soft—and to-morrow they'll be bicycling by the thousand; they must breed a stouter race. We may reasonably hope, old man, to see our boys blown into small bits by the explosive that hasn't got its name yet."

"Perhaps," replied Morton meditatively. "And yet there are considerable forces on the other side."

"Pooh! The philosopher sitting on the safety-valve. He has breadth of beam, good, sedentary man, but when the moment comes—The Empire; that's beginning to mean something. The average Englander has never grasped the fact that there was such a thing as a British Empire. By God! we are the British Empire, and we'll just show 'em what *that* means!"

"I'm reading the campaigns of Belisarius," said Morton, after a pause.

"What has that to do with it?"

"Thank heaven, nothing whatever."

"I bore you," said Harvey, laughing. "Morpheus is going to New Zealand. I had a letter from him this morning. Here it is. 'I heard yesterday that H. W. is dead. She died a fortnight ago, and a letter from her mother has only just reached me in a roundabout way. I know you don't care to hear from me, but I'll just say that I'm going out to New Zealand. I don't know what I shall do there, but a fellow has asked me to go with him, and it's better than rotting here. It may help me to escape the devil yet; if so, you shall hear. Good-bye!'"

He thrust the letter back into his pocket. "I rather thought the end would be pyrogallic acid."

"He has the good sense to prefer ozone," said Morton.

Of course Rolfe here is not Mr. Gissing, but quite evidently his speeches are not a genuinely objective study of opinions expressed. The passage is essentially a lapse into "exposition." The two speakers, Morton and Rolfe, become the vehicles of a personal doubt, taking sides between the old ideal of refined withdrawal from the tumult and struggle for existence, and the new and growing sense of the eternity and universality of conflict; it is a discussion,

in fact, between a conception of spacious culture and a conception of struggle and survival. In his previous books Mr. Gissing has found nothing but tragedy and the condemnation of life in the incompatibility between the refined way of life and life as it is. But here, in the mouth of a largely sympathetic character, is a vigorous exposition of the acceptance, the vivid appreciation of things as they are.

Enough has been written to show that "The Whirlpool" is a very remarkable novel, not only in its artistic quality, but in its presentation of a personal attitude. The clear change in the way of thinking that Mr. Gissing's Rolfe is formulating (while the Whirlpool should be devouring him) is no incidental change of one man's opinion, it is a change that is sweeping over the minds of thousands of educated men. It is the discovery of the insufficiency of the cultivated life and its necessary insincerities; it is a return to the essential, to honorable struggle as the epic factor in life, to children as the matter of morality and the sanction of the securities of civilization.

To those who are familiar with Mr. Gissing's work, the conviction that this character of Rolfe marks a distinct turning-point in his development will be inevitable. That his next work will be more impersonal than any that have gone before, that the characteristic insistence on what is really a personal discontent will be to some extent alleviated, seems to me, at any rate, a safe prophecy. Mr. Gissing has written a series of extremely significant novels, perhaps the only series of novels in the last decade whose interest has been strictly contemporary. And even this last one, it seems to me, has still the quality of a beginning. It is by reason of his contemporary quality, by virtue of my belief that, admirable as his work has been, he is still barely ripening and that his best has still to come, that I have made this brief notice rather an analysis of his peculiarities and the tendencies of his development than the essay I could write with ease and sincerity in his praise.

H. G. WELLS.

From *Cosmopolis*.

ROME.

1.

The last sunset of the year had been stormy; the whole sky, as I saw it from the Pincio, blazed like a conflagration; fire caught the furthest roofs of Rome, and seemed to sear the edges and outskirts of the city, like a great flame coming down from heaven. This flame burnt with an unslackening ardency long after the sun had gone down below the horizon; then the darkness began to creep about it, and it grew sombre, drooping into purple, withering into brown, dwindling into a dull violet, and from that wandering into a fainter and fainter greyness, until the roofs, jutting like abrupt shadows into the night, seemed to go up like smoke all round the city, as if the great fire were smouldering out. Darkness came on rapidly, there was no moon, and as I stood, just before midnight, by the side of the Forum, under the shadow of the Arch of Septimius Severus, I seemed at first to be standing at the edge of a great black abyss. Gradually, as I looked down, I became aware of a sort of rocky sea, a dark sea of white and slender rocks, which, as I watched them, seemed to heighten into the night. Near the triumphal arch I could distinguish the eight smooth columns of the Temple of Saturn; there, on the other side of this gulf, was the Palatine; and but a little to my left, though unseen, the Arch of Titus, and the Colosseum. In those imperishable ruins, which are still, after more than twenty centuries, the true Rome, the Rome which really exists, I saw the only human immortality which I had ever visibly seen. The twelve strokes of midnight, coming from the Christian churches on all sides, sounded faintly, as if they did but reckon the time of years, not of centuries. It was Pagan Rome that lasted, and Pagan Rome means humanity, working, regardless of itself, and with the world at its feet, as a quarry to build from. This Rome, even in ruins, bows the mind before its strength, its purpose, its inflexible success. I had come to Rome, thinking that it was as the city of the popes that I should see the eter-

nal city. I was filled only with a sense of the power of things earthly, the eternity of an art wholly the work of men's hands, as I turned away from the Forum, in those first moments of the new year. I looked back: the Arch of Septimius Severus stood up, white and gigantic, blotting out the sky.

The soul of Rome, as one gradually realizes it, first, I think, and not least intimately, from the Aurelian Wall, then from the Colosseum, the Pantheon, the Forum, the Stadium, and then piece by piece, from the Vatican, the Diocletian, the Capitoline galleries of sculpture, is a very positive soul, all of one piece, so to speak, in which it is useless to search for delicate shades, the mystery of suggestion, a meaning other than the meaning which, in a profound enough sense, is on the surface. All these walls, columns, triumphal arches, the façade of the Pantheon, have nothing to tell us beyond what they were meant to tell; and they were meant to answer certain very definite purposes, and to do their work splendidly indeed, but without caprice. This simplicity of purpose is what makes Roman architecture so much more satisfying than even fine Renaissance architecture; and there is little fine Renaissance work in Rome: the Cancellaria, a palace or two. In architecture, more perhaps than in any other art, nothing is so easily comprehended, so immediate in its appeal to the instinct, as that greatest art, which is classic. Think for a moment of St. Peter's, while you stand before the outer wall of the Colosseum. That shell of rough stone-work, from which every trace of ornamentation is gone, gives, even at first sight, a sense of satisfaction, because of the easy way in which those perfectly natural proportions answer to the unconscious logic of the eye, notwithstanding the immensity of the scale on which they are carried out; while St. Peter's leaves you bedazed, wondering, inquiring, as before a problem of which you have not the key. For beauty of detail, for the charm which is not the mathematical charm of proportion, the moral charm of strength, the material charm of grandeur, do not come to Rome. You will find no detail neglected, for all detail is part of a whole; but you will find no detail over

which the workman has grown amorous, into which he has put something of his soul, over and above the work of his hands.

To the Roman mind, as I have come to realize it for myself, after a winter in Rome spent in trying to make my general notion of these things particular, the world about one was always a very real, very desirable thing, quite enough for one's whole needs in a life which was at once a brief flutter of that winged thing, "*animula, vagula, blandula*," and also a moment which it was possible to perpetuate, by the work of one's hands, or the hands of slaves, working to order. In a world which seemed to lie at their feet, conquered, the sense of power, which the Romans had in so actual a degree, sharpened their desire to appropriate all the resources of what lay there before them, to enjoy its whole beauty, and to leave behind them, by their own effort, the assurance of what they had so vividly enjoyed. That monument of the baker, outside the Porta Maggiore, made to imitate the homely utensils of his trade, and still telling us that Marcus Vergilius Erysaces, who lies under those stones, sold his bread in the city, seems to me a significant indication of this resolute hold on the earth, on the day's work, and this resolution to perpetuate it. It is the more significant, because for the most part a mere citizen in Rome must have counted for very little. As the world was for Rome, so Rome was for the State, and the State, after all, was for the *Cæsars*.

And so it is that we find the one really satisfying work in sculpture left by the Romans to be the Antinous, repeated over and over again, in an almost mechanical carrying out of the will of Hadrian, but coming, at its best, to a kind of perfection. Antinous is the smile of the eternity of youth, and the smile is a little sad, for all its gracious acceptance of the sunlight. It is sad with youth's sensitive consciousness of the first cold breath of wind which comes to trouble that sunlight; a wistfulness which is the wistfulness of animals, and in which the soul and its regrets have no part. Perfect bodily sensitiveness; the joy and sadness which are implicit in mere human breathing;

a simplicity of sensation which comes at once into the delightful kingdom of things which we are so painful in our search for, and thus attains a sort of complexity, or its equivalent, without knowing it; life taken on its own terms, and without preference of moment to moment: it is all this that I find in the grave, and smiling, and unthinking, and pensive head of Antinous, in that day-dream of youth, just conscious enough of its own felicity for so much the more heightened an enjoyment of that passing moment.

II.

Looking at Antinous, or at a young Roman model who lies on those spectacular steps of the *Trinità de' Monti* to-day, you realize that the Romans were born without a soul, and that in all these centuries of Christendom they have never acquired one. It has been the genius of the Catholic religion, whose temporal seat, so appropriately, has always been at Rome, to divine and to respond to this temperamental tendency of the people who have given it power. At Rome it is natural to found empires; the seven hills await them. Religion never could be mystical at Rome; it must have its part in the world, with all the power of the world, and all the world's hold on temporal felicity, and it is by an appeal to after all largely the pagan sentiment in life and thought that the popes have been able to succeed the Caesars. Never was any "mystical city of God" so solidly based on the stable powers of the earth. Church has succeeded temple, and you find the church superincumbent, quite literally, as in *S. Clemente*, stratum above stratum, the chapel of *Mithra* under the apse of the Christian basilica; or, as in *S. Lorenzo fuori le Mura*, where church after church, built over and into one another, is supported by columns, crowded with friezes, set together without design or order, out of ancient temples or palaces. Just as the theatre, dancing, music, were a part or appendage of the State religion, so the Church has taken to itself all that is finest in spectacle, all that is rarest in singing. Those perfumed and golden gifts of the three old Magi to the young Christ, the gift of the world and its delicacies, were

not given in vain. All the churches in Rome are full of incense and gold.

To see *St. Peter's* is to realize all that is strongest, most Roman, nothing that is subtle or spiritual, in the power of the Church. This vast building, the largest church in the world, imposes itself upon you, wherever you are in Rome; you see the dome from the *Alban* or the *Sabine* hills, from which the whole city seems dwindled to a white shadow upon a green plain. Before it lies all Rome, behind it the vague desolation of fruitless fields, ruinous houses, a mouldering wall, a few ragged trees. I climbed one evening, about sunset, on a day when the sky itself had the desolation of brooding storms, to the strip of narrow, untrodden ground behind it, which rises from the *Via Scaccia*, going down on the other side to the *Via della Zecca*. It stood there hiding the whole city and half the sky, a vast grey bulk; now and again the moon, looking through a rift in the clouds, touched the leaden roof with a finger of light; the cypresses, seeming to lean against the white walls at the base, turned blacker, a few gas lamps shone about it like gold candles about the high altar; and gradually, as I watched, light after light sprang up out of the deep streets and precipitous houses, the hills grew darker and more vague, and the solid mass itself, now a looming greyness, seemed to float like a great shadow into the depths of the night. And always, by day, looked at from within or without, it is by its immensity, its spectacular qualities, that it is impressive. To walk across the floor is like taking a journey; voices chanting in a side chapel can only just be heard from the opposite aisle; and, looking at the four piers which support the dome, one remembers that the church of *S. Carlino alle Quattro Fontane*, by no means a small church, is exactly the size of one of those four piers. Everything, the whole decoration, in order that it may be in proportion to the scale of the building, is exaggerated, and almost no detail bears an intimate examination, or can give one a separate sensation of pleasure; for the few lovely things, like *Michel Angelo's Pietà*, are lost in little chapels, where they exist quietly, in their corners, like a fine, silent criticism of all

this display, these florid popes and angels, this noisy architectural rhetoric. And St. Peter's, impressing you, as it certainly does, with its tremendous size, strength, wealth, and the tireless, enduring power which has called it into being, holds you at a distance, with the true ecclesiastical frigidity. You learn here how to distinguish between what is emotional and what is properly ecclesiastical in the Catholic Church. St. Peter's is entirely positive, dogmatic, the assertion of the supremacy of the Church over the world; never mystic, as in one of those dim Spanish cathedrals, that of Barcelona, for instance; nor yet fantastic, full of strange, precious wonders of the world, brought from afar off, as in St. Mark's. It is florid, spectacular, but never profane; suggesting, as it does, what is the strength, and what are also the metaphysical limitations of the Church, it never suggests, as St. Mark's does, the human curiosities which may become a strange vice, as easily as a singular virtue. Nor is it, like St. Mark's, in the midst of the city, where the heart of the city beats, where one sees a homely crowd wandering in and out all day long, looking in on the way home from market, as one might look in for a moment at a friend's house.

High Mass at St. Peter's, as I saw it on Christmas Day, said by Cardinal Rampolla, was an impressive ceremony, indeed, but it was said mainly to a crowd of curious strangers. The large, rigid figure in the red robes and the gold mitre, who sat there under his golden vestments, lifting a white gloved hand on whose third finger shone the emerald ring set with diamonds, performed the sacred functions with a dignity which was a little weary, and in the priest's expressionless way, with that air of fixed meditation (as of a continual commerce with heaven) which is the Church's manner of expressing disapproval of the world. Where I seemed to see a real devotion was in the peasants from the Campagna, who passed with their rough cloaks rolled round them, and kissed St. Peter's foot devoutly, leaning their foreheads against it; the women carefully rubbing the toe with their handkerchiefs before kissing it. I saw the same deep feeling in a fifteenth-

century church into which I went that afternoon, S. Agostino, a church famed for its devotion. A whole wall was covered with little gilt-framed votive offerings, silver hearts, and pious vows, and in front of them many poor old women sat and knelt, praying with closed eyes; others lifted their children to kiss the foot of Sansovino's patrician Virgin, the compassionate Madonna del Parto. I found a different, but perhaps not less sincere company of worshippers, in S. Luigi dei Francesi, before that screen of candles, like burning gold, gold light rising flamelike out of gilt candlesticks, which enshrined for their devotion the unseen presence of the Sacrament. But at the Midnight Mass in the same church, which was attended by a special permission, I was once more in that atmosphere of positive, unspiritual things which I had breathed in St. Peter's, and which seemed to me so typical of Rome. The church was filled to its furthest corner by a brilliant crowd; the music, played by organ, harp, and strings, and sung by somewhat uncertain voices, was florid and brilliant; and far off, at the golden end of the church, white against the gold light, seven rows of candles rising like an arch of pure gold, the priests moved through the sacred ritual. Near me were some Italians, two of them women of the finest aristocratic type, with faces carved like cameos, a touch of cruelty in their dark, vivid, reticent dignity; and these faces, looking on as at a show, and prepared to look away the moment it was no longer amusing, seemed to bring all the strength of the world's hold on one into the perfumed atmosphere of the place. Looking, as I could not but look, at these beautiful pagan faces, perfect as Roman medals, I felt that they were Rome, and that Rome was at least sure of this world, whatever her admiration, her curiosity, her possible dreams, of another.

III.

"The grandeur that was Rome:" that phrase of Poe's sums up perfectly the impression which Rome, even now, makes upon the observer. The secret of what is most impressive there is the choice (miraculous, we are led to suppose, and can well believe) of its site.

A city built upon seven hills, hills which have arranged themselves, naturally, with such an art of impressive composition, can have no rival among the cities of the world in its appeal to the sense of material grandeur. That the Senate should throne itself upon the Capitol, that the palaces of the Cæsars should have been on the Palatine or the Esquiline, was an almost incalculable aid to the pomp of state. St. Peter's, seen in the sky from all Rome, thrones Catholicism on a similar eminence. Everything in Rome impresses by its height, by an amplitude of adjusted proportions, which is far more than the mere equivalent of vast spaces covered, as in London, invisible for its very size. The pride of looking down, the pride of having something to look up to, are alike satisfied for the Romans, by what nature and art have done for Rome.

This Roman grandeur began by being tremendously simple. I find all the grandeur of Rome in even so late a work as the Aurelian Wall, and that is nothing but a bare, brown, precipitous line of masonry, patched with the mendings of all the ages. The Colosseum, the Pantheon, for all their original splendor of decoration, still exist with such potency, now that they are reduced to the bare elements of their construction, because the simplicity of that construction was the primary concern of Vespasian and Titus, of Agrippa and Hadrian, in building them. Effect is aimed at, and the effect is always that of impressing by size; but the effect is sought legitimately, with the finest materials, their most natural, however sumptuous, arrangement, and that Roman way of going straight to an end, like their roads, though at the cost of an army of men, a treasury of gold. In the work of the Middle Ages, of the Renaissance, of the seventeenth century, we find the same effect aimed at, but with a sumptuousness not duly subordinated, and turning frequently (as in the extravagances of the typical Bernini) into colossal bad taste. Yet still, to this moment, Rome is the most pompous, the most magnificent, of Western cities. Was there ever a more imposing public square than that vast, florid Piazza del Popolo, by which, before the days of the railways, strangers entered Rome; almost no-

where entirely commendable in detail, but with what an art of effect in its remote corners, into which no crowd can stretch, its three long, straight, narrow vistas into the city, its terraced and columned heights, its great gateway? The square in which St. Peter's stands, with that colonnade which Bernini set up in his one moment of genius; the dark, irregular, half-concealed palace of the Vatican holding on to a corner of the great church; the square itself, with its obelisk, the two fountains, the stones worn by all the pilgrims of the world; no other square makes quite the same appeal to one, or suggests so much of the world's history. And how impressive, certainly, how sumptuous, are all these immense, never quite architecturally satisfying churches, heaped against the sky at the corner of every square, dignifying the poverty of even the humblest streets, leaving, like S. Paolo fuori le Mura, infinite riches run to waste in the unpopulated Campagna! You can scarcely walk five minutes in any direction without coming on something, perhaps incongruous where it is, like the eleven Corinthian columns of Hadrian's Temple of Neptune, forty feet high, now filled up with modern brick-work, and made into the Exchange; something absolutely startling, something vast and sudden, it may be only the Trevi Fountain, it may be the Theatre of Marcellus, the Capitol itself. And the appropriate décor of life awaits every occasion, ready set; for what occasion is there in life which was not anticipated and prepared for, with learned, foreseeing taste, centuries ago, in those times when Rome had perfected the arts of life as now only the Eastern races ever dream of perfecting them? Think, in the baths of Caracalla or of Diocletian, among the trees and ruins of the Palatine; or, with less of the historic effort, in the gardens of the Villa Albani, with their alleys of shaven box, carved into niches for statues; of the Villa Borghese, with their avenues of ilex, their grassy amphitheatre; of the Villa Doria-Pamphill, which is like an English park, laid out by a French gardener; in the Bosco of the Villa Medici, wild and delicate, with its staircase going up between the trees to the sky; think what a décor lies before one,

gone to waste, or at least wasted, for a life of the most triumphant pleasure! To live in Rome is to understand all the colored and spectacular vices of the Caesars, all the elaborate sins of the Renaissance. Occasions so great as these have gone, but the possibilities remain, awaiting only their opportunity.

IV.

Rome is a sea in which many worlds have gone down, and its very pavement is all in waves; so that to drive through these narrow streets, and across these broad squares, in which there is no foot-way over which a wheel may not drive, is like rocking in a boat on slightly uneasy water. The soil everywhere heaves over still buried ruins, which may hold (who knows?) another Apoxyomenos. And, as no other great city in the world is, the whole of Rome is one vast museum, in which the very galleries, palaces, churches, which contain the finest of its treasures, are themselves but single items in that museum which is Rome. And what gives to all this precisely its special charm, and also its special value to the student, is that Rome is still a living city, the capital of a nation, and with an actual life of its own, which, often enough, can be seen in its direct descent from antiquity. The Roman people have always had a sense of the continuity of their national life, of their literal part in the inheritance of their ancestors. One sees it, sometimes with a quaint grotesqueness, in the simple-minded way in which, just as they Christianized pagan temples, so they have always taken to themselves and turned to their own uses the monuments of all the ages: Pasquino, Marforio, Madama Lucrezia, the Bocca della Verità; the religion of one age becoming the mouthpiece for the satire or criticism of the next, as the pagan gods in exile, in the Christian Middle Ages, became demons, haunting the souls of men with their perilous beauty. One sees it, at the present day, in that singular deification of Vittorio Emanuele, which is really an apotheosis, after the manner of the apotheoses of the Roman emperors; and quite after their ruthless manner is that waste of thousands in the destruction of certain old streets, which were beautiful, for the proper

view of an equestrian statue, which will be hideous. And then, in the actual museums, the palace of the Vatican, the palace of the Conservatori, the baths of Diocletian, what a prepared atmosphere one finds, and how much more at home in these courts, frescoed halls, papal summer-houses, Carthusian cloisters, are all this white, chosen humanity of statues, which, if they "remember their august abodes," must certainly pine less for Greece, which they left so early, than any other marble beings in the world. Since I have been in Rome I have realized, for myself, many things about Greek art, which not all the study of sculpture in London, Paris, and Berlin had taught me; and I have been able to see it, not only as the greatest, the most "classic" art of the world, but as the most living, responsive, intimately delightful. And this is certainly because I have seen it where it could be seen more like something in its natural place, less like something on show, than anywhere out of Greece.

And in painting, too, one has the opportunity of making certain not unsimilar discoveries. Rome is not rich in easel-pictures, nor yet in altar-pieces, but it is only in Rome that it is possible to realize, to the full extent of their gifts and limitations, the pictorial genius of Michel Angelo, of Raphael, and of Pinturicchio. Michel Angelo in the decoration of the Sistine Chapel, Raphael in the decoration of the Stanze and Logge, Pinturicchio in the decoration of the Appartamento Borgia, of the Vatican, is seen working as the painter loves to work, in the one really satisfying way in which he can work architecturally, for the adornment of a given space, which is part of the essential life of a building. And so these frescoes, as no picture in a museum could ever be, are an actual part of Rome, precisely as much a part of it as the Vatican itself.

In the Sistine Chapel there are admirable paintings by Botticelli, by Signorelli, by Perugino, but one can see nothing there but Michel Angelo. And the emotion of first seeing this immense world created by Michel Angelo seized me with a delighted awe, such

as I could imagine to have stirred in the soul of Adam when he awoke and beheld the world. Other things are beautiful, exquisite, subtle, but these seem to contain all beautiful and exquisite and subtle things, and to disregard them. In the passion of this overwhelming life which burns through every line, there is for once the creating joy of the artist, flawless, unimpaired, unchecked, fulfilling its desire as not even the Greeks have done; for desire, in them, was restrained by a sense of delicate harmony, to which it was the triumphant self-sacrifice of their art to conform. Here we have no sense of even so much of mortal concession to the demands of immortality; but the unbounded spirit seems to revel in the absoluteness of its freedom. Here, at last, here indeed for the first time, is all that can be meant by sublimity; a sublimity which attains its pre-eminence through no sacrifice of other qualities; a sublimity which (let us say it frankly) is amusing. I find the magnificent and extreme life of these figures as touching, intimate, and direct in its appeal, as the most vivid and gracious realism of any easel-picture; God, the Father and the Son, the Virgin, the men and women of the Old Testament, the Sibyls, the risen dead of the Last Judgment, all these tremendous symbols of whatever has been divined by the spirit or sought out by the wisdom of the ages, crowd upon one with the palpable, irresistible nearness of the people who throng one in one's passage through the actual world. It seemed to me then, it still seems to me, strange that I should have felt it, but never before had I felt so much at home among paintings, so little of a mere spectator. One seems to be of the same vivid and eternal world as these joyous and meditative beings, joyous and meditative even in hell, where the rapture of their torment broods in eyes and limbs with the same energy as the rapture of God in creation, the woman in disobedience, or Isaiah in vision. They are close to one, I think, partly because they are so far away; because no subtlety in

the eyes or lips, no delicacy in the fold of garments, none of the curious and discoverable ways by which art imitates and beautifies nature, can distract one from the immediate impress of such passionate and obsessing life. Art ceases to approach one indirectly, through this sense or that, through color, or suggested motion, or some fancied outlook of the soul; it comes straight to one, boldly, seizing one at once by that instinct of immediate recognition, by which, except here, only perhaps the direct works of God have ever approached and revealed themselves to the soul of man.

Now turn to Raphael. Here, on the contrary, we have art so obvious in its concealment of art that it becomes the idol of the crowd, and ceases to interest the more curious dreamer before pictures. Raphael is the instinctively triumphant perfection of the ideal of the average man; he is what scarcely the greatest of painters can be, and what only mediocre painters have desired to be. Here is the simplicity of what is called inspiration; the ease of doing, better than any one else, what the greater number would like, better than anything else, to do. And he is miraculous; yet a miracle which just fails to interest one; because, I think, he is essentially exterior, and his pictures a dream of the hand rather than a dream of the soul. Even that peace which he can convey with so delicate a power, seems to me rather the slumber than the ecstasy of peace. His Madonnas have no foresight in their eyes of the seven swords with which the divine child is to pierce their breasts. His gracious saints have never, before they attained sanctity, suffered all the enlightening ardors of sin. His martyrs have no memory, either of death, by which they have passed, or of heaven, to which they have come. All the persons of his pictures live, somewhat unthinkingly, in the moment which their gesture perpetuates; they have but that gesture. We see eternity in the moment of fierce meditation which Michel Angelo calls up before us, as if thought in the brows and

hands were about to relax or resolve itself into some other of the unaccountable moods of so elemental a being. In the painful, intense face of a Velasquez we see the passionate frailties, the morbid, minute hatreds of a long race of just such suffering and reticent beings. And in the smile which wanders, lurking in the imperceptible corner of lip or eyelid, across the faces of Leonardo, we see the enigma of whatever is most secret, alluring, inexplicable, in the mysterious charm of human beauty; that look which seems to remember, and is perhaps only a forgetfulness. But the people of Raphael live in the content of that one gracious moment in which they lift their hands in prayer or benediction, or open their untroubled eyes to that moment's sunlight.

The art of Pinturicchio, which can now, since the opening of the Appartamento Borgia in the Vatican, be studied more completely at Rome than even at Siena, is another, a more primitive, but not less individual art. Those frescoes, simply as decorations, are as beautiful as any decorations that were ever done; and they are at once an arabesque, in which everything seems to exist simply in order that it may be a moment's beautiful color on a wall, and a piece of homely realism in which every figure seems to be a portrait, and every animal, tree, and jewel to be painted for its own sake. There is not a little naïveté in the design, a technique in which there is none of the confident sureness of hand of either Raphael or Michel Angelo, but a certain hesitation, an almost timid recourse to such expedients as the use of stucco in relief, and even of painted wood, glued upon the flat surface to represent a tower or a gateway. But you feel that the man has something to say, that, to be more accurate, he sees pictures; and that this simple, and sumptuous, and real, and imaginary world, which he has called into being in order that it may remind us of the world about us, and be more beautiful, and so be a delight to the eyes and a repose to the soul, is not only an unsurpassed

piece of decoration but the revelation of a temperament to which beauty was perhaps more beautiful for its own sake than to any other painter. Pinturicchio loves the world, animals, trees, human faces, the elegance of men and women in courtly, colored dresses, youth with its simple pride of existence, kings for their gold and purple robes, saints for the divine calm of their eyelids and the plaintive grace of their slim hands, all the world's beauty as it comes up like the flower of the grass, and especially that beauty which takes no thought of itself; and he loves it with so simple and humble and absorbing a love that he paints it just as he sees it, almost without thinking of his own share in the work. That is why this select and colored world of his, in which there is no passionate or visionary life, as in Michel Angelo, nor that composed and conscious presence in time and space of the people of Raphael, lives with such simplicity, as if filled with a calm and joyous sense of its own beauty. To live under the decorations of Michel Angelo would be as exhausting as to live in a world in which every person was a person of genius. To live amongst the decorations of Raphael would be to live amongst people of too placid, too amiable disposition, and too limited intelligence; it would become a weariness. But one need never cease to live happily amongst the men and women whom Pinturicchio saw walking in beautiful robes, that were never woven so finely by hands, in meadows of gold flowers, that never grew out of the brown earth, always finding heaven, a heaven of chrysoprase and chalcedony, at a turn of the way, and without surprise; for these and their abode have the beauty that we desire to find in the world, in what is most homely, obvious, and frequent in it, the beauty that is there, if we could see it, and the beauty that for the most part we do not see, because we are too sophisticated, too conscious of ourselves, and because we discover too thoughtful a consciousness of themselves in natural things.

V.

To realize the greatness of Rome, it is not enough to have seen the Colosseum, St. Peter's, the churches, palaces, ruins, squares, fountains, and gardens; you may have seen all these, and yet not have seen the most beautiful possession of Rome: the Campagna. Seen from the Alban hills, Rome is a mere cluster of white houses in a desert, a desert as variable in color as the sky. Lost in that wilderness, a speck between that wilderness and the sky, it seems a mere accident in a visible infinity. And now remember that this vast Campagna is simply the pleasure park of Rome; that it is left there, feverous and unproductive, the loveliest of ruins, in order that Rome may have the pride of possessing it; and think if any city in the world possesses so costly and magnificent a luxury.

It is one of the many delicate surprises of Rome to come suddenly, at the end of a street which had seemed lost in the entanglements of the city, upon a glimpse of the Campagna or the hills. And those hills, rising up from the plain to the sky, their soft lines, under certain weather, indistinguishable from either, opalescent, changing color as the wind scatters or heaps the clouds, as sunlight or scrocco passes over them, have something of the untiring charm, the infinite variety, of the sea. Drive a little way into the Campagna, and you might be on the Pampas, or in the desert which is about the ruins of Thebes. An almost audible silence descends upon you, in which the world seems asleep. A shepherd leans motionless upon his staff; the sheep move drowsily about him; and you hear the tinkle of the bell.

To see Tivoli, loud and white with waterfalls, a little grey town set upon grey and cloven rocks, fringed with the silvery green of olive trees; to see any one of the *castelli*, one would willingly cross a whole country; and they lie, Frascati, Albano, Genzano, Marino, Ariccia, Rocca di Papa, at the very gates of Rome, within the compass of one day's drive. These *castelli* are all

fantastic and improbable; white, huddled, perched like flights of white birds that have settled there; hanging over volcanic chasms that have burst into lakes, fertilized into vines and olives; wild trees, their grey trunks leaning this way and that, seeming to race up and down the hillside, like armies meeting in battle; each *castello* with its own rococo villas, like incrustations upon the rock; each *castello* set on its own hill, as if it had drawn up the ladder after having climbed there; a little city of refuge from the perils of the plain. They hold the Alban lake between them, and Lake Nemi, which sleeps with the deepest sleep of any lake I have ever seen, in the most restful arms of land. And each has its own aspect. Frascati, as one turns in and out of its streets, opening suddenly on vague glimpses, as if cut by the sides of a frame, is like a seaside village; and one cannot help imagining the wash of waves, instead of the grassy plain of the Campagna, at the end of those coiling streets. Rocca di Papa is like an eagle's nest, perched high on the mountain, with its shady square in front of the little church where you hear old women praying aloud. Marino has an air of the country, with its fierce men, its somewhat bold, handsome women, its thronging children. Ariccia hangs picturesquely against the very side of the hill, jutting out into space. Each has its variety of primitive life, of rococo architecture, of running water, of trees, of volcanic rock, of lake scenery. And for those who care greatly for the delicate shading of colors as they change over a sensitive landscape, to look from these heights is to look down, from dawn till sunset, upon a paradise of the daintiest colors in the world, in that jewelled desert which lies about Rome. But the Campagna is most wonderful, most itself, at sunset; and sunset in Rome should be seen from the Via Appia, as I saw it during a memorable drive in mid-winter. Looking back from the mound beyond the Casal Rotondo, Rome seemed far off, dwindled by distance, all its towers

and domes and roofs white, set in the hollow of the hills. Nearer to me, Frascati, a white sparkle upon the dark Alban hills; between, along the sky, the Apennines, their snow lying caressingly against the clouds; and below, all around me, the desert of the Campagna, the long grey line of the aqueducts seeming to impress itself, with a certain insistency, upon the otherwise timeless waste of the great plain. A church bell sounded faintly, like the sound of a cow-bell, from a little white church on the Via Appia Nuova; the air was still, clear, cold, with a marvellous serenity in its soft brightness; and as I looked across the Campagna, going out desolately towards the sea, I could just distinguish a light shining along the line of dark trees at the edge of the horizon. Hearing a slow creaking of wheels, I looked down, and saw in the road two lounging oxen drawing a load of silvery flex boughs. Two peasants went by, lounging like the oxen, in their long-haired garments of undressed skins; shepherds who had come down from the Apennines for the winter, with their flocks and herds, and had encamped upon the plain, in the little conical huts which rise out of it so strangely. Sunset was beginning, and, as we drove back along the Via Appia, the clouds which had obscured the sun cleared away, and the sky seemed to be washed with colors which were at once fiery and watery; greens of an inexpressibly luminous delicacy, paler and softer than any grass or leaf that ever grew, but with the ardor in them of growing things; pinks that were like the inner petals of rose-leaves, flushing on the horizon to a fierce golden red, which burned in the tops of the trees like a conflagration, and at the edges floating away into paler and paler gold, and from that into the green of moonlit water, and from that into a blue, which was the color of shallow water under very faint sunlight, a blue which deepened overhead into the vast outstretched dome of the sky. The air grew chill, with that intense cold which seems to come down out of the

sky upon Rome, for an hour after sunset. We drove back, along the straight road, between the ruined tombs which had once stood at the gates of the villas of Romans, and which stand now, in their ruins, seeming to look, as the Romans loved to look, on the road which was the world's highway; that long road, leading into the eternal city (upon which, indeed, the ends of the earth are still visibly come) out of the vague world. In so beautiful a desolation, at which the soul shivers away into that loneliness which is the soul's ecstasy before eternal things, I said to myself that here, if anywhere upon earth, God and man had worked together to show at one glimpse all the glory of the world.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

From The Nineteenth Century.
CURIOSITIES ABOUT CRUSTACEA.

The astounding ignorance of the man! Such were the words of Samuel Wilberforce on hearing that Pope Pius the Ninth had supposed him to be a mere professor, instead of a bishop—simulated indignation meet for a pardonable mistake. Far other vials of wrath should be out-poured on the worse than papal blindness with which the carcinologist is continually affronted. In their astounding ignorance many, who fancy themselves well educated, have never even heard the name, let alone knowing what it means. That editor, therefore, deserves well of his country and his time, who opens his columns to the much-needed and impressive explanation that a carcinologist is a student of crustacea.

To have won this single forward step in public education is something of value. But there are still deplorable depths of darkness to be dealt with. In unhappy contrast with "the boasted enlightenment of the nineteenth century," there is the painful fact that persons in the upper and middle classes

of society frequently confound crustacea with the molluscs which they are pleased to speak of as shell-fish, not so much from the old notion that whatever comes out of the sea must be in a manner fishy, as from the more modern one that whatever is sold by the fishmonger may decently be regarded as fish. People advanced in life and in respectable circumstances will confess, quite unabashed, and as though it were nothing to be ashamed of, to having always thought that there was only one kind of woodlouse. Could anything be more afflicting? Not seldom they confound in their muddled ideas the crayfish of the river with the crawfish of the ocean, or, on the other hand, suppose that a crawfish is a lobster, or again are miserably deluded into confusing the "Norway Lobster," elegant in shape and hue, with the common lobster, just because myriads of the latter come to our markets from Norway. One thing indeed is generally known, and of this piece of knowledge the modern world is excessively proud, as though it were a recent discovery, that the portrait of a live lobster ought not to be colored red. There is also a vague impression that the marine painter was wrong when he attached the claws of the great eatable crab behind the rest of its legs instead of in front of them. How safely, without fear of fault-finding on the part of the public, might he have introduced into his picture a "Spiny Lobster" wearing claws, though it has none, and a common lobster with only one pair of them, though in fact it has three. It is true that the second and third pairs are small, but they are quite distinct and easy to perceive.

Really, if the general reader and ordinary seeker after knowledge would bring his powerful mind to bear on the subject, he would find that there is in the study of crustacea as much variety of interest, as much facile amusement and as much perplexing difficulty, as much opportunity for observation and experiment, as much incitement to hunting and collecting, and exploring the recesses of land and sea, as there

is in any other fashionable province of exertion. To be more explicit, it can compete on favorable terms with circle-squaring, butterfly-catching, the ascent of lofty mountains, the search for the North Pole, the tabulation of authentic ghosts, the viewing of nebulae, the counting of asteroids, and the prospecting of stars so distant that we cannot tell whether they are still in existence. Novel-reading and money-making are omitted from this list of examples, lest the objection should be raised that these are necessities of life, while the study of crustaceans is only a luxury.

It is difficult in brief space to give any adequate idea of the extent of the subject. A few species are familiar on the table. These are agreeable to the eye, because the expectant palate pronounces in their favor. They have absorbed an unfair amount of attention. Hence it is little understood that crustaceans have an importance in the food-supply of the globe far beyond that which belongs to them as gratifying the appetite of mankind. The species of them are to be counted by thousands. Their dwelling-places are extremely varied. Their manners and customs are often not a little remarkable. Their diversity of form is such that in this direction it might well be said, "The force of Nature could no further go."

First among the proverbs of Solomon, which the men of Hezekiah, king of Judah, copied out, stands that which says, "It is the glory of God to conceal a thing: but the honor of kings is to search out a matter." The proverb speaks as though there were sometimes a direct intention in Nature to puzzle and mystify the student, to put him on his mettle in dealing with the intricacy of the problems. There is the playfulness of a riddle propounded, the seriousness of an education designed. Nowhere are these appearances more obtrusive than in the class of crustacea. Only by slow steps have naturalists come to know its proper boundaries, which still at one or two points are subjects of dispute and civil

war. As for the poor unhappy people who are not naturalists, it is often difficult to persuade them that a woodlouse is as much a crustacean as a crab. Little do they think that here also belong shorehoppers and barnacles, as well as hosts of creatures opprobriously misnamed water-fleas and fish-lice. It must in truth be allowed that, while some members of the class are large and striking, gallantly armed, brilliantly colored, and altogether very finely endowed, there are others in many respects much the reverse. These latter, for the sake of a safe, a quiet, and an easy life, have assumed such disguises, or renounced so many characteristic features, that comfort with content rather than peace with honor has fallen to their lot. Ignoble, misshapen, and obscure, lives the parasite; retrograde, degraded, and spiritless, but far from being an outcast. On the other hand, among the free-living species there are many which, without combining every excellence, are severally conspicuous for at least one. Thus, some are in size minute but resplendent in coloring, some without brilliance are strongly armored, some feeble in accoutrement are fleet of foot or nimble-witted. Some can build themselves houses. Some can dig and delve. Some that seem in every way defenceless still keep their place in nature by an almost incredible fecundity. It is likely that a great whale eats as many crustaceans as a great city, and yet the little animals known as "whale food" are in far less danger of becoming extinct than the monster which devours them.

Quite at the head of society in the class of crustacea stand the crabs. Among these the differences of form are extremely numerous, demanding the epithets round, oval, square, oblong, triangular, smooth, spiky, tuberculous, flat, globular, lumpy, nugget-like, and others. The shape is chiefly determined by the carapace, that part of the integument which in our eatable crab not only looks like a pie-dish, but is often used like one. Though ex-

posed to this ignominy after death, in the animal's lifetime the carapace covers and protects its vital organs, the gills, the heart, the stomach and intestine, and that concentrated nervous system by which the crab is ennobled above its fellows. In no small degree, however, is the general facies of a crab affected also by the many differences in pattern of the legs. These are in some cases inordinately long and spider-like, in others short and compact. The tips may be narrow and pointed, or flattened out into oar-blades. Especially the claw-bearing pair in front are characteristic by their massiveness or elongation or want of symmetry, or by some quaintness of outline, as the likeness to a cock's comb, or again by being small, and short, and smooth, and comparatively symmetrical. As for the squares and circles of the carapace, these are diversified by all sorts of projections and indentures, while the triangles may be equilateral, obtuse-angled, or produced into an angle extremely acute. In regard to size, there are gradations from crabs comparable in look and dimensions to so many little pebbles up to the giant crab of Japan, which, to less than a foot square of carapace, attaches arms portentously extending as much sometimes as a yard and a half on either side.

All the crabs have short, more or less insignificant, tails, which they fold closely and moreover tenaciously under their breasts, as though they were appendages not quite dignified for animals of advanced intelligence, and as though in consequence the owners were somewhat touchy about them. The folding of the tail, it is true, is found in some degree in almost all the higher ranks of the crustacea, but not the concealment or the insignificance. On the contrary, the tail part in lobsters, crayfish, prawns, and shrimps is in a fine bold style of architecture; it is used with vigor and displayed with a kind of pomp. In a crab's tail there is nothing to eat. In a crawfish there is comparatively little

to eat except what is in the tail. The best known kinds of long-tailed crustaceans in our islands are pretty sharply discriminated in point of size, but it is a mistake to suppose that the scale is everywhere the same. In some parts of the world there are crayfishes as large as our lobsters and in some parts there are prawns larger than our crayfishes. Near akin to the wood-lice which we find under stones and slates and decaying leaves and loosened bark, there are numbers of marine animals of the same general structure with the same number of legs and the same kind of jaws and eyes and breathing-plates. Among these the show-piece, the prodigy, is a quite modern discovery. Though it has some small and interesting peculiarities of its own, it is in general appearance by no means unlike a wood-louse, but to equal it in dimensions the wood-louse would have to be nine inches long by four inches broad. This hitherto unique monster was dredged up by the American steamer *Blake* from a depth in the Atlantic of nearly one thousand fathoms. In the old pharmacopœia one of the commonest woodlice was applied to the cure of the jaundice. Had it only been known then that the woodlouse was a sort of shrimp, a little land lobster, how much disgust might have been spared to the patient. But that perhaps would have been thought to impair or cancel the efficacy of the medicine. It might well be wondered why of all animals a woodlouse was chosen for a drug, did not the trivial name of *Pill Millepede* offer an explanation. This crustacean carries the folding of the tail to the length of making one extremity of its body touch the other. It rolls itself into a perfect ball. It is a pill moulded by nature. Who could doubt its medicinal virtue? That it was pounded up in Rhenish wine before being taken was no doubt a late and weak concession to the fancies of fastidious invalids. Those who did not rejoice in good food thus delicately prepared deserved to undergo the alternative remedy, still, it is said, sometimes pre-

scribed, of having to swallow a live spider rolled up in butter.

Readers who do not wish to take upon trust the statement that such animals as woodlice and sandhoppers belong to the same class as crabs and lobsters and shrimps, should compare specimens of each kind piece by piece. After some experience the conviction will begin to force itself upon them that the various parts and appendages of all these dissimilar animals have an extraordinary correspondence, part for part, appendage for appendage. Except that for this purpose the fingers must be employed with some dexterity, as well as the eyes and brain, the pleasure of the work will be analogous to that of the accomplished scholar who compares such a book as "*Paradise Lost*" with its lineage of thought and genius and expression in the literature of Europe for over two thousand years. Not without a wondering satisfaction will the observer find himself able to trace essential agreement through all the intricacies of difference produced by the widening and contracting, lengthening and shortening, crumpling and expanding, of joints and segments. Here there is coalescence of several pieces into one; here there is subdividing or multiplying, so that in place of one piece there are many. In one animal the coat will be a stony fabric, perhaps with added corrugations or massive warts; in another it will be smooth and horn-like; in a third a pliant skin-like membrane; yet in all three the basis of the investiture will be found to be the substance called chitin. Beyond the agreement thus discernible between group and group of the animals, there is the almost more surprising agreement between the successive appendages which they have in common. These have their distinguishing names of antennæ, and mouth-organs, and claws, and walking-legs, and swimming-feet, and so on. In most instances these are as fully distinct in appearance as in name. Nevertheless, there are instances in which swimming-feet closely resemble antennæ, in which

antennae are pediform, in which there are no claws to be distinguished from the walking-legs, in which the walking legs have become swimming-feet, or are endowed with claws. Among the very jaws there are some which are sometimes comparable to appendages of the tail, and others unmistakably leg-like. To be convinced that this is no exaggeration a student has only to detach the several appendages, and, when they have been well mixed up, set himself to apportion them to the parts of the body from which they have been separated. By the time that he has learned to do this without hesitation, he will have learned to accept the statement above made. He will perceive that there is a readiness, as it were, on the part of any one appendage to assume the form more usually characteristic of another. This helps to establish the unity of the crustacean class, for we do not find the characteristic forms of its appendages assumed elsewhere in the antennae of insects, for example, or the legs of spiders, or the mouth-organs of sea-urchins. Let this also be noted: the crab, the lobster, the prawn, have each but ten legs, claws included; the shorehopper and the woodlouse have fourteen legs apiece. At first sight the difference is very considerable. But count the appendages of the mouth in each. Then the balance is exactly restored. In the lobster, living or dead, the two pairs of jaws or mouth-organs which stand outermost are not only easy to see, but it is easy to see how leg-like they are. They are, in fact, the equivalents of the first two pairs of legs in the shorehopper and its fellows. Moreover in the latter group there are certain species which hold up the first four of their fourteen feet close to their mouths in a manner which seems to say—we wish we could be decapods; we would be if we could, but we can't.

In the Entomostraca and barnacles, to be sure, a beginner may not be able at once to recognize the cousins of a crab. For this, the young forms have to be taken into the comparison as well as the adult. It should be remembered

also that what may appear inexplicable when only a few species are known becomes simple on a survey of the whole group. Still it must always be at first rather surprising to learn that in the guise of a minute mussel we have a crustacean, and to find that by the apparatus neatly concealed within the closely-fitting valves, this creature, so like a sluggish mollusc, unlike it can walk and swim about in a very lively manner. It has too that distinguishing mark of a crustacean, the complete shedding of its skin. For not only does it cast off the close-fitting valves but with them the coating of its jaws, its limbs, its gills, its furniture of hairs and spines. This is a wonderful piece of conjuring many times repeated every year in countless pools by myriads of these animalcules. The same phenomenon is not less common nor much less surprising in other and quite differently organized Entomostraca. But the strangeness of it will appeal more forcibly to the eye in larger forms of higher rank. At the seaside, sand and seaweed are cheap, sea-water is inexpensive, an aquarium can be fitted up without much trouble. Into such a vessel let a little shore crab be introduced. Little it should be by preference, because the larger ones are so mischievous, intractable, and difficult to keep within bounds. Like many other wild animals, the shore crabs combine the two qualities of being extremely patient of hunger and extremely voracious. For the special object in view the guest is rather to be pampered with food than humbled by starvation. But it needs no refinements of cookery. Scraps of raw fish will content it. Still more to its satisfaction will be a supply of shorehoppers or other small shrimp-like animals, among which it can find the pleasures of sport combined with the duty of taking nourishment. In no long time, if all goes well, from ample food will result an increase of the animal's bulk. But its crustaceous envelope is not elastic. As it will not stretch, it must yield to the strain and burst. This happens, not with any ir-

regular disruption, but as it were at certain seams which open so neatly that they can eventually close again as if they had never been apart. With what a sense of relief must the crab which has outgrown its clothes shuffle off this mortal coil! After this has occurred the aquarium will exhibit two crabs though previously it had but one. There will be a living crab with pulsating heart and circulating blood and active brain and muscles extending and retracting the limbs. Beside it there will be its ghost, pallid and motionless, without mind or muscle, but with the framework complete of carapace and claws, pedunculate eyes and delicate antennae, and all the elaborate apparatus of mouth-organs, œsophagus, and stomach, as well as every tooth and fringe of hair with which the various parts are appropriately furnished. It is a curious spectacle to see this facsimile, this model taken from life, side by side with what may be considered its former self. The mask is empty, but the image is faultless. It is a natural sculpture above all decent cavil of criticism, although very likely the impressionist would say that it shows rather too much attention to detail.

To observe the crab in the act of coming out of its coat is not easy. It ever chooses darkness and retirement for the process, and would fain remain in privacy till its new vesture, which is soft and yielding to admit of muscular expansion within it, has acquired defensive solidity and hardness. In its tender condition it should be supplied with small and delicate food, not little spiky prawns which might seriously interfere with its digestion.

An aquarium once established may be put to a further use, for espying the behavior of some of the common spider-crabs. Many of these have long been well-known objects. Overgrown with living seaweeds, and sponges, and zoophytes, they look not a little disreputable. Their unkempt and disorderly appearance recalls to mind the description of the field of the sluggard. They seem to be in evil case, the due reward of their own disgracefully indo-

lent habits. But things are not always what they seem. It now turns out that these crafty animals for their own purposes deliberately prefer to look like a bit of wild submarine landscape. Nor do they leave the matter to chance. They very carefully dress and undress themselves, so as to be in harmony with their surroundings. This is no doubt a question of taste, though not exactly in the æsthetic sense. The experimental proof on which their new character has been established can easily be repeated in an aquarium, either by stripping the specimen of the dress it actually wears, to see whether it will or will not renew it, or else by introducing it into a miniature forest differently colored from that on its own back. This is the most interesting experiment; for, if it succeeds, the crab will itself strip off the plants and animals which form its garb, and instead of them carefully affix a fresh plantation from its new neighborhood.

Among the easily obtainable crustaceans, then, of our own waters and our own land, there are curiosities to be observed which will increase in number and interest with every step taken in quest of them. But the field of pursuit may be extended to every country and every climate. Widely distributed over the warm regions of the world is a genus of crabs, the name of which signifies Laughable, a name given because of the oddity of their appearance. This oddity, we are in politeness bound to mention, is limited to the males, which have one claw so enormously developed that in some cases it is twice the size of the animal's body. It would certainly be thought that a caricaturist was running into absurd extremes, if he made a picture of a pugilist with his arm from the elbow to the finger-tips equalling all the rest of his frame put together, or if he made a sketch of a cricketer with a bat as big as himself. Even a child would conclude that the puny possessor could never wield these monstrous weapons, and that the over-exaggeration gave an effect rather of helplessness than of power. Notwithstanding this obvious criticism, the Laughable Crab wields his portentous arm with the greatest efficiency and skill. Since it belongs only to the male, it will surprise no one to hear that it is used in

many a knightly encounter to determine romantic affairs of the heart. The same stalwart arm that wins the loved one also folds her to his breast. The waving and brandishing of the massive club allures her to his side. It acts as a substantial door to the mouth of the burrow when the owner is ensconced within.

Dr. Alcock, of the Indian Marine Survey, has recently studied some of these crabs in the muddy tidal swamps of the Godavery and Kistna in the presidency of Madras. Here vast swarms of them live in what he describes as warrens, and a trespasser on these has his attention attracted by a sight worth going some distance to see. "The surface of the mud is everywhere alive with twinkling objects of a pearly pink color." The mud, in fact, is riddled with countless burrows, and at the mouth of each stands the little crustacean tenant or freeholder. The bright twinkling is produced by the ceaseless brandishing of his giant arm. At the time of Dr. Alcock's visit the females present were only in the proportion of one to ten of the males. Perhaps the majority of the tenderer sex were attending to domestic duties elsewhere. The few present in the warrens were feeding in apparent unconcern, without any show of feminine coquetry. But if one of them came near a burrow, the owner of it was far from displaying a reciprocal coolness and self-restraint. On the contrary, it would exhibit the greatest excitement, "raising itself on its hindmost legs, dancing and stamping, and frantically waving its beautifully colored big claw."

Another kind of crab, closely allied to the preceding, has a name meaning Swift-of-foot, in allusion to the extreme rapidity with which it can scour over the ground, baffling the pursuit of a man on foot, and with the wind in its favor outstripping a horseman. One of the species, found on the coasts of North America and the Antilles, burrows to a depth of three or four feet in the sand just above the reach of the surf. In the winter it quits its seaside lodging, and migrates inland, there making a fresh burrow in which it hibernates, after having ingeniously

closed its dwelling so as to leave no sign of an entrance from the outside. Dr. Alcock has observed a species of these swift-footed crabs swarming on all the sandy shores of India. These excavate tortuous burrows, and at the least alarm each one eagerly retreats, if possible, to his own special fortress. When there, he takes measures not to conceal his presence, but to let it be known, just as a human grandee hoists a flag on his castle to signify to an admiring neighborhood that he is at home. The crab, however, makes its announcement in a different manner. As the "song" of the male grasshopper is due to the friction of his hind legs against the wing cases, so in various crabs and lobsters a kind of language is produced by the so-called stridulating apparatus. In these Indian crabs the larger claw has a long finely toothed ridge on the palm and a similar ridge on one of the basal joints. "When the palm is folded against the arm, the first ridge can be worked across the second like a bow across a fiddle—only in this case the bow is several times larger than the fiddle." The sounds resulting from this and other arrangements in the crustacea may be compared with those which we ourselves produce by ringing a bell or striking a gong or whistling or clapping our hands. They do not suffice for carrying on a protracted argument or discussing metaphysics. Yet they are useful and significant enough to express entreaty, warning, and command. In the case of the Red Ocypode Crab, when stridulating within its resonant burrow, the noise produced is compared to a low-pitched whirr and a high-pitched growl. As the creatures flee to their burrows for protection, it might be thought foolishly contradictory on their part to give notice of their whereabouts by these enchanting sounds. But once underground they cease to fear their human foes, whereas the circumstances of a hurried and tumultuous retreat expose them to the chance of serious annoyance from their own companions. Dr. Alcock, therefore, reasonably suggests that the growling is intended to warn other crabs that the burrow is already occupied. It is like the case of the busy Roman who in person told his friend that he was "not at home."

In East Africa and the Philippine Islands there is a tiny crab, with a body scarcely half an inch long. Its claws are only of moderate size, and not very unequal. By way of trivial name it may be called the Window-pane Crab or the Mirror Crab. On the under side of its body and on both sides of the fourth joint in each of its legs, there are transparent oval spaces like so many panes of glass or framed mirrors. There is reason to suppose that these have a telephonic character. The animals can produce sound by rubbing together parts of their trunk and limbs, and whatever advantage they may derive from the power of making a noise is likely to be closely connected with their power of hearing it. Strange as it may seem that the sense of sound should be distributed to arms and legs and breast, we ourselves have the sense of touch diffused all over the body with far more advantage than inconvenience. These crabs no doubt find a benefit in having acoustic arrangements far more expanded than vertebrates would desire. The Swedish naturalist, Dr. Carl Aurivillius, has been recently studying the Mirror Crab at Mindanao. There, at low tide, a large stretch of mud is left uncovered by the retreat of the very shallow waters. There, too, as in the swamps of the Godavery, a wonderful sight is to be seen. All the ground, from the bank above almost to the limit of the retreating tide below, is sweetly twinkling with blue and yellow, a play of color due to the incessant movement of innumerable little crabs with bluish bodies and yellow legs. At the slightest scare they run away in troops, each individual taking the earliest opportunity of slipping into its hole, or, if necessary, hurriedly digging a new one. Dr. Aurivillius remarks that a naturalist chasing them under a tropical sun has a rather discouraging experience. Every step he takes forward, at the mere sight of him or at the sound of his footfall, whole regiments of the crabs sink into the ground. It reminds one of the clansmen of Roderick Dhu in "The Lady of the Lake," where, at the waving of the chieftain's hand,

Down sank the disappearing band;
Each warrior vanished where he stood,

In broom or bracken, heath or wood;
Sank brand and spear and bended bow,
In osiers pale and copses low;
It seemed as if their mother earth
Had swallowed up her warlike birth.

The crab scuttling away on the tips of its toes, holding up its claws in fighting trim, carries its body in an almost vertical position. The stalked eyes surmounting its erect body enable it to keep in view both the pursuer behind and the desired refuge in front, so that hope and fear may alike lend wings to its retreat. For maintaining the perpendicular, it has a very singular arrangement of the tail-part. Of this the middle segment, instead of separating as usual its two neighboring segments, allows them to approach one another, and itself depends between them to the ground, thus forming a kind of prop like the milking stool strapped on to a Tyrolese cowherd.

To observe the varied ingenuity of crustaceans in burrowing, it is not necessary to run the honorable risk of a sunstroke in the tropics. On all the sandy shores of our own islands there are many species which can easily be watched and studied. Wary and clever and quick as many of the burrowers are, both here and elsewhere, they fall a tolerably easy prey alike to men and birds and fishes. Seldom are they harmful to any animals except those which are much smaller in size or lower in organization than themselves. By way of exception, the burrowing of crayfishes in America sometimes so weakens the embankments of the Mississippi that the river breaks through and floods the surrounding country. Certain small wood-boring crustaceans also do much damage to submarine timber in our own and many other countries.

The burrowers easy to capture are those which make their home between tide-marks, and which like to spend a part of their time in the open air. It makes a great difference when the burrow is so placed as to be permanently under water, or when the excavators never come out until their tunnels have been inundated by the flowing tide. Several of our British crustaceans which behave thus are, in consequence,

seldom seen. They are rare, not necessarily because they are few, but because they are difficult to catch. They are obtained by digging in swampy mud, dredging in deep water, opening the stomachs of fishes, and other precarious chances. Through being so uncommon they have been left without trivial or familiar names, and it is useless to inquire after them among fisher-folks by their scientific appellations. Still, the intelligent reader will be gratified to learn that round our coasts may be found specimens of the Subterranean Queen of Beauty, of the Starry Life-below-Ground, of McAndrew's Beauteous Shrimp. The Queen of Beauty, though living in what might be described as a mud hovel, is still an elegant creature, with a delicate skin and rosy markings on a pale ground. It carries a fan, but this consists of its own tail. Something like a shrimp in size, and more like a lobster in appearance, it combines with a body about two inches long a claw of nearly the same length. As in so many other instances, though it has a pair of claws only one of them is monstrously developed, it may be the left or it may be the right. This great weapon has a stouter crust than belongs to other parts of the animal. The chief part of its bulk is in the two joints known as the hand and wrist, while those which connect these with the body are so slight by comparison that one might expect the whole claw to come off at the first effort of energetic use. The secret is that its construction is not meant for employment in the conditions with which we are most familiar, but only in the softly cushioning and weight-relieving environment of water. At the time of moulting, this creature must undergo a rather excruciating squeeze in drawing the flesh of the dilated hand and wrist through the narrow joints of the upper arm. For though at that crisis all the parts are in a very soft condition, yet, as far as the proportions go, it is much as if, in taking off a glove, one had to draw the palm of one's hand through the glove's little finger.

Of the companionship between crustaceans and other kinds of animals there is not space left to speak, nor can much be said of the diversity of dwelling-places to which crustaceans accom-

modate themselves. Every one can understand that, while the tail of a lobster requires to be protected by a hard shell of its own, the hinder part of a hermit crab needs no such rigidity because the borrowed shell serves its purpose. So also, unless the tail part of the hermit were soft and twisted, it could not fit the coil of the univalve which it inhabits. It might have been thought rash to guess that hermit crabs, confronted with other circumstances, such as the absence of univalves, would not necessarily have spiral hind bodies. But the deep-sea dredgings of late years have discovered species in which the tail is in fact perfectly symmetrical. To one of these has been given the name of the Straight Timber Hermit. It is a small slender species obtained by the Blake in deep West Indian waters. It "inhabits tubes excavated in bits of wood or the hollow stems of plants open at both ends." Of these two doorways it blocks the front one in the usual manner with its big claw, but the back door it makes out of the terminal segments of its tail, which form "a bilaterally symmetrical operculum of calcified plates." This difference in its household arrangements affects its habits as well as its structure, for it enters its dwelling head-foremost, whereas ordinary hermits are under a necessity of going in tail first. Among the smaller crustaceans there are some which occupy tubes constructed by themselves and open at both ends. The economy in size of these tubes is such that they seem to fit the animal to a nicety with nothing to spare. Nevertheless, the suppleness of the little shrimp-like occupant is so great that, after putting out its head at one end, it can withdraw it, and doubling upon itself, surprise the spectator by protruding its head from the opposite end.

With every game, be it chess or cricket, lawn-tennis or football, or golf, or any other, the incidents described or witnessed excite a lively interest pretty much in proportion to the practical knowledge of the game possessed by the readers or onlookers. It is the same with the game of natural history. To the ignorant the players seem wonderfully fond of wasting their time. The objects with which they amuse them-

selves are regarded as disagreeable to look at and unpleasing to touch, possibly dangerous, certainly disgusting. Whether scuttling, crawling, wriggling, or jumping, the unexpected movements of these odious animals give a shock to the nerves. Happily, as a rule, they are as eager to be quit of us as we of them. The tenderhearted, who in practice detest what in theory they feel bound to admire, are thus relieved from measures of active hostility by the reciprocity of repugnance. For all that, there is no being so homely, none so venomous, none so encased in slime or armed with swordlike spines, none so sluggish or so abrupt in behavior, that it cannot win our favor and admiration—the more the better we know it. However it may be in human society, with the naturalist it is not familiarity which breeds contempt. On the contrary, with every step of his advancing knowledge he finds in what was at first indifferent, unattractive, or repulsive, some wonder of mechanism, some exquisite beauty of detail, some strangeness of habit. Shame he feels at having so long had eyes which seeing saw not; regret he feels that the limits of his life should be continually contracting, while the boundaries of his science are always expanding; but so long as he can study and examine, he is so far contented and happy.

THOMAS R. R. STEBBING.

From *Les Années*.

SCENES OF REAL LIFE.

COUNTRY PLEASURES: A SHORT DIA- LOGUE.

The country-house of the dowager Mme. de Gardeau, on the day of the sewing-circle. In the portrait gallery some twenty ladies, seated about an immense table covered with cloth, spools, tape-measures, cushions bristling with needles, scissors of many sizes, etc., etc., are working for the poor; others scattered about the room are running sewing-machines. By the side of the great fireplace from the depths of an armchair, the dowager

watches her nephew Jean, who is drumming on the window.

The Dowager. Still raining?

Her Nephew. Still, aunt.

The Dowager. Would you like the *Figaro*?

Her Nephew. Oh!—No thank you, aunt. It is three days old.

The Dowager. Heavens, child; it's only just come!

Her Nephew. I know it—and I thank you for offering it to me—just as much as though it were new.

The Dowager. Rainy days are a little slow in the country.

Her Nephew (aside). And the others, too!

The Dowager. It is true that—Look! See there! I fancy Mme. de Verpré is looking for something. Do you want anything, my dear?

Mme. de V. Yes—some thread. There's no number three.

The Dowager. Jean! In the large cupboard—the left-hand side—in the back—a little box on the fifth shelf. Have you found it? Take a spool of number three. (*Nephew Jean takes the spool to the lady, who after giving one glance, gets up and goes herself to the cupboard.*)

The Dowager (to Jean, who resumes his place at the window). Didn't you find the number three?

Her Nephew. Oh, yes. Only I took a spool of black, and it was to hem a pocket-handkerchief. It seems it wasn't the thing. (*He starts for the door.*)

The Dowager (in an undertone). Stay here, you great baby. I promise to send you on no more errands. I thought you would like to help the ladies.

Her Nephew. If they were pretty, perhaps it might amuse me; but, Lord!

The Dowager (laughing). You exaggerate. Just look at Mme. de Greuze. A perfect picture! Shall I keep her to dinner? You will be less bored—

Her Nephew (eagerly). Oh, don't. I much prefer the curé!

The Dowager (laughing). Rather a different style! Come, don't put on that expression! You look so unhappy—

Her Nephew (letting himself go). But that's what I am—unhappy. The truth is, my good aunt, that, fond as I am of you, I am so bored here, that if you only

realized how much, you would take pity on me and send me back to Paris.

The Dowager. Not a bit of it! It does you a world of good to spend a month in the country! Good air; a regular life, free from excitement—

Her Nephew. But I don't need to be turned out to pasture. A few years from now, may-be— The day may come, when you'll wish you could get rid of me! But, meanwhile—

The Dowager. Meanwhile, you are very well off here. You can go on tramps, take plenty of exercise—

Her Nephew. Can I? I am losing my figure, on the contrary, growing positively obese. You won't even let me go out with a gun, nowadays.

The Dowager. Because you are always getting into a mess with the neighbors.

Her Nephew (with conviction). Oh, your neighbors—

The Dowager (glancing at the ladies). Hush! Do hush! Not so loud!

Her Nephew (very softly). Oh, your neighbors—and neighborhood dinners! And the calls, when we set off in the little basket phaeton, you and I, with no groom, so as not to tire the horses! And I have to drive! We walk up all the hills—and go down at the same pace! And that isn't all. You absolutely insist on the horses being watered on the way—

The Dowager. Poor beasts! Surely that's no great hardship!

Her Nephew. It wouldn't be, if there were such a thing as a stable-boy at any of the inns where we stop: but there never is—I do the pumping! And how slowly those horses drink—especially Belle-rephon—I know I could empty the bucket quicker than he.

The Dowager. We are never in a hurry—and so—

Her Nephew. As far as that goes, no! On the road, one is happy, relatively. But once in those drawing-rooms, where the scanty furniture is covered with horsehair, and the clocks don't go, where you never see a flower, nor a book, nor a paper, nor a piece of work—Ugh! How do your neighbors spend their time? Answer me that, aunt!

The Dowager. How?

Her Nephew. Yes. What can they

find to do? Bite their nails? That is only amusing when one is little—because it is forbidden. And what conversation! Never a topic of general interest—always local! The free schools of the district. And the prefect. And the mayor. And tweedle-dum. And tweedle-dee. I feel as if I were in prison. It is horrible!

The Dowager. Oh, there are some amusements.

Her Nephew. A rubber of whist with an aged neighbor, who hasn't a penny in his pocket, but who is stone-deaf, and yet loses his temper every time his partner utters an exclamation. How does he make out that you say anything,—that's what I keep asking myself! Oh, I was forgetting among the amusements, the "time for the post-man," which is also the time for lunch. You always hope he'll bring you something. You watch; but nobody comes—"The post-man must have taken a drop too much. They have the bad habit of giving him lunch in five or six houses on his route." No taking a drive till the post-man has been, so we wait, and wait. Finally he comes, slightly red but smiling. He hasn't any letters, but it is four o'clock, and beginning to rain. No drive for that day.

The Dowager. You sumph! That picture—

Her Nephew. You daren't say I have exaggerated, aunt. You see it, yourself. In heaven's name, how do you propose that I should fill up my time?

The Dowager. You might take little trips about the country, which is exquisite.

Her Nephew. Do the sights? But I was brought up here! Do you want me to tell you how many leaves there are on Charlemagne's beech-tree, or what fences need repairing, or how many trees have been planted since last year?

The Dowager. The evenings are a trifle long,—that is when there is nobody—

Her Nephew. On the contrary, my dear aunt, it is the evenings when there is somebody, when the guests have to be taken to see the stars—to shiver on the terrace so as to enjoy the beauty of the evening!

The Dowager. There certainly have

been wonderfully beautiful evenings here, this year!

Her Nephew. And at St. Germain, too! Believe me, my dear aunt, there's nothing like a pretty house at St. Germain—or at Fontainebleau. So easy for people to come to see you—

The Dowager. And for people to get away from me, you scamp. That's your idea, isn't it?

Her Nephew. Well, I warrant I shouldn't be so anxious to get away, if I could do so easily. To me, difficulty is always inspiring—

The Dowager. To-morrow the Grandcoeurs are coming. You—

Her Nephew (completing the phrase). You shall take Mme. de Grandcoeur fishing. She is so fond of fishing! That's it, isn't it?

The Dowager. Precisely.

Her Nephew. Oh, I knew it! Every time she comes, I have the pleasure of going out on the water with her.

The Dowager. She is charming!

Her Nephew. Maybe; but unendurable. You have to put on her bait, and get your hands all daubed up with the filthy stuff, and then unhook the fish, if by chance she has a bite. She's so fond of fishing, Mme. de Grandcoeur is! Only she doesn't like to put on the worms nor take off the fish, because that's dirty. So she runs on, like an idiot. "Do you think that is a bite, Monsieur Jean! No, really, it isn't a bite. Suppose we row round a little." Row round! Oh, yes! The pleasures of a pond! I have to pull like a professional; I mop my face. "Monsieur Jean, suppose we row round a little more! What do you say?" "As you please, madame!" I give myself another mop, and off we go. At last we land; I tie up the boat, and we go back to the house, only to find that the little de Grandcoeurs have hooked it. I have to go and hunt them up. I see them on the island—they got over in the punt. I call to them, "Come back at once!" "We can't get into the boat, m'sieu: we've been forbidden."

The Dowager. The children aren't to come to-morrow; I didn't ask them.

Her Nephew. My dear aunt, I thank you. But, probably to me is reserved the joy of going to wait for the parents

at the railway-station. How well I know those trips to the station—to meet a guest—who doesn't come! "Oh, hasn't he come? He must have taken the other train. He'll be here at 11.25." So back I come at 11.25—I, I, who used to think there weren't enough trains!

The Dowager. It's true: you've been to the station a good many times this last fortnight!

Her Nephew. That's all right! I like it better, anyway, than I do taking your guests out shooting—I shouldn't mind going by myself, but to escort those two, singly or collectively— It is horrible.

The Dowager. How do you mean?

Her Nephew. Just that. You keep reiterating, "Whatever happens, keep with them!" Now to keep with them, when one of them never stops and the other never starts, is not precisely easy! And when, for rest and refreshment, we drop into a neighbor's, as we did last Friday, and find that he abstains! That caps the climax!

The Dowager. But I ordered you a nice little dinner that night to make up.

Her Nephew. Oh, yes! with a chocolate soufflé made expressly for me. I adore chocolate soufflés! Only, just as we got to it, we heard a most hideous racket below-stairs. It was your worthy butler, who had got dead drunk and wanted to kill things. Of course I went down. As I left the room, I cast a side-glance on the soufflé; it was perfect,—delicate, light, a bubble. When I came back, it was flat and gummy as a wafer, and old Antoine grinned at my expression as he passed me the dish!

The Dowager (laughing). Poor Jean, I beg your pardon. I don't notice all these details! It did strike me the other day, when we were in the town, that your face was a yard long.

Her Nephew. At the Fair— O, Lord! I felt like a fool! We walk up and down, you and I! You say we must show ourselves. Everybody talks to you—comes crowding up round you—Are you running for deputy, aunt dear?

The Dowager. I won't drag you to the Fair again. When I have anything to say to those good people, I will get them out here and—

Her Nephew. Here! Merciful Heav-

ens, that's worse yet! The other day, when the band stopped on its way back from the competition— Have you forgotten?

The Dowager. Forgotten? Well, no! They did get on my nerves, poor boys.

Her Nephew. Boys! With beards, and spectacles! There they stood, ranged in line in front of the terrace, and you kept nudging me and saying, "Go and make a little speech." What did you expect me to say to them?

The Dowager. You made out very well.

Her Nephew. But it was hot work! Gentlemen—Music is a fine thing—wind-instruments especially—and so on. I think you could have said it quite as well as I, aunt.

The Dowager. That reminds me. I promised the leader of the band to get a paragraph into the *Progressiste Parlementaire* and I wish you—

Her Nephew. Would go to the newspaper office? Oh, the times I've been to the offices of the local papers! You always send me to carry your messages, on the pretext that you don't much like journalists.

The Dowager. Quite true.

Her Nephew. Well, do I? Seriously now? You can't expect them to say anything about the band in the paper. It's so awfully, hideously out of tune, and the leader a perfect donkey!

The Dowager. I don't deny he's a donkey, but he is also my butcher, and if I put him out he will give me bad meat.

Her Nephew (smiling). It strikes me he does that as it is.

The Dowager (uneasy). You think it bad?

Her Nephew (servently). Don't I.

The Dowager. I've said to myself more than once: "It strikes me this meat has a taste—slight—undefinable—"

Her Nephew (eagerly). Just so! Don't let's try to define it, because then—

The Dowager. Besides, we shall have game for a while now. It's almost time for the big shoot.

Her Nephew (taken aback). The big shoot! Oh, heavens! What if you were to wait a few days, my dearest aunt, till I was gone?

The Dowager. No, indeed! I want you to be there to organize—

Her Nephew. Organize! Invite! Receive at the entrance; offer refreshments and line up the tax-collector, the mayor, the inspector of highways, the right-minded inn-keeper who electioneers for our party, the postmaster—

The Dowager. Nonsense: we have a postmistress.

Her Nephew. The rich peasants who have done you a good turn, or put you—

The Dowager. I shall have some old friends staying in the house as well—

Her Nephew (uneasy). Old friends? The general, perhaps? Yes? Oh, come now! He'll describe for the forthright time the taking of Smala! He will also inform us that "Bon-Maza was no ordinary man: there was in him an invincible audacity joined to great intelligence and set in a framework of mysticism and fanaticism—" Oh, I know the rounding of that phrase by heart! I've tried so often not to listen to it, that I've ended by remembering it.

The Dowager. I don't say that the general is always very entertaining, but he is really more so than—

Her Nephew. Than M. de Crouton? Well, rather! (*Movement on the part of the dowager.*) You don't mean to say that he's coming too? I ought to have guessed it. He is another type—always tells you about the impeachment of the Cabinet. And is your friend the old beauty coming? The one who had her portrait "painted by a pupil of M. Ingres," and who describes in tearful accents the "exquisite turban worn by Mme. Sophie Gay when she played *La Juive*?" Are we to have her?

The Dowager (laughing). Oh, you naughty boy! She really was a perfect beauty, in old days.

Her Nephew. All right! But what's that to me? I would so much rather she were moderately attractive now!

The Dowager. You've certainly a spite against her!

Her Nephew. Quite so! In the first place, she has a little dog that I loathe—and I have to smile amiably when it rubs up against me! Then at the theatre when I have the honor of going with you two to the *Opéra-Comique*—you know our little theatre parties—her back prevents me from seeing the beauties of the classic drama! What a

back it is, and how much of it she shows!

The Dowager. You are too much!

Her Nephew. There's more of her! When she is in the box, as I know my manners, I have to help her on and off with her wrap: and then, she always loses something,—bracelet, handkerchief, or brooch. Then I scratch matches and go crawling round on all fours till I find the vanished treasure. Oh, it's delightful! And the getting home again! As she has no footman—nor you either when you have me!—I have to go look for the carriage before the fall of the curtain. I rush round for a quarter of an hour, calling "Joseph, Joseph from *rue Montalivet*." No answer. I come back shivering or dripping according to the season, and she gives a scream, an idiotic little scream, "Oh, how silly I am! I forgot to order the carriage, so, of course it won't come!" Then you come to the rescue, aunt, with your usual graciousness. "I will drive you home, my dear. I shall really enjoy it." And you make her get in, and you desert me, *me* who have been taking a three hours' dose of the "Domino Noir" or the "Dame Blanche" just to please you, for you can't suppose I should care to go to those plays myself. Now, is that fair? I leave it to you.

The Dowager. No, it isn't fair. Now are you satisfied? But you must admit that at Paris I leave you pretty free. I don't often nag you.

Her Nephew. Don't you? What do you call the Sundays at the *Conservatoire*, and the Academy installations? I'm always told off for the Academy functions. I'm the only one of your nephews who doesn't kick.

The Dowager. After all the occasions are rare—

Her Nephew. Rare? They're always dying! But never mind Paris; we've enough to manage here!

The Dowager. I admit that the life here hasn't much variety or—stir: but you live in the whirl all the rest of the year and it seems to me that a month of quiet—peace—

Her Nephew. Peace! oh, yes! Such an appropriate term! The other day I came within one of a duel. You know

all about it—with that sulky old party whom Cyprien had sued.

The Dowager. He kept killing my partridges—our partridges!

Her Nephew. Quite so! All the same he wrote you an insolent letter, in which he said that it was, only your petticoats which prevented your receiving a message from him by other hands than those of the postman. Naturally, as I was here, I had to take a hand in the game; naturally, too, he got out of it and I looked like a fool! See here, you are the best of aunts,—an ideal aunt! But your following, what a lot! (*He gives a glance of despair at the members of the sewing-circle who are all chattering themselves hoarse.*) Men and women each worse than the other.

The Dowager. I don't say that they are very attractive; but all the same I shall have to entertain them all, before I go back to Paris.

Her Nephew (in a funk). A dinner! Another! But you gave one only a fortnight ago! I took the men to the smoking-room. They stayed two hours and a half! There was one fat man who smoked a pipe. As for me, I coughed for my sins, all the time!

The Dowager. But you smoke!

Her Nephew. Yes, I smoke. But I don't care much for other people's tobacco—especially when the other people are of the type of the fat man and his pipe.

The Dowager. You might invite your own friends.

Her Nephew. But, my dear aunt, when I invite them, you find fault about them all the time. This one is too noisy; that one empties your cellar: the other flirts with my cousins when they are here. In short, no matter what line they take, it doesn't suit you. You won't even put up with my dog, my poor "Toc," who is so good, so handsome, and above all, so clean! And you pet the nasty little dog of your friend there; a vile cur that never leaves her! It should have been immortalized in the portrait painted in 1840 by the pupil of M. Ingres; it's old enough! It drags itself round on legs that sprawl out from under it, with only strength enough left to tear my trousers! And that is the dog you like!

The Dowager. How silly you are! (*To*

one of the ladies who is vainly trying to thread a needle.) Can't you thread it, my dear?

The Lady. Why, no. I can't see the eye.

The Dowager (aside to her nephew). She doesn't see the eye.

Her Nephew. She ought to put on spectacles.

The Dowager. Come, come! Aren't you more gallant, more attentive than that? (*To the lady.*) My nephew, who has very strong sight, will give himself the pleasure of threading your needle—

Her Nephew (whispers). I will, but you'll never catch me again at your sewing-circle, aunt dear, never!

(*He goes most politely up to the lady with the needle.*)

Translated for The Living Age, from the French of "Gyp."

From Blackwood's Magazine
THE WILD DOGS.

A CHAPTER FROM THE REMINISCENCES
OF THE COMTE DE MUETTE.

I.

It was on a night of middle Vendémiaire in the year two (to affect the whimsical jargon of the *sansculottes*) that I issued from my burrow with an intrepidity that was nothing more nor less than a congestion of the sensibilities. Fear at that time having fed upon itself till all was devoured, was converted in very many to a humorous stoicism that only lacked to be great because it could not boast a splendid isolation. "Suspect of being suspect"—Citizen Chaumette's last slash at the hamstrings of hope—had converted all men of humane character to that religion of self-containment that can alone spiritually exalt above the caprices of the emotions. Thousands, in a moment, through extreme of fear became fearless; hence no man of them could claim a signal inspiration of courage, but only that subscription to the terms of it which unnatural conditions had rendered necessary to all be-

lievers in the ultimate ethical triumph of the human race.

I do not mean to say that I was tired of life, but simply that it came to me at once that I must not hold that test of moral independence at the mercy of any temporal tyranny whatsoever. Indeed I was still so far in love with existence physically, as to neglect no precaution that was calculated to contribute to the present prolonging of it. I wore my frieze nightcap, carmagnone, sabots, and black shag spencer with all the assumption I could muster of being to the shoddy born. I had long learned the art of slurring a sigh into a cough or expectoration. I could curse the stolid spectres of the tumbrels so as to deceive all but the recording angel, and, possibly, Citizen Robespierre.

Nevertheless, with me, as with others, precaution seemed but a condition of the recklessness whose calculations never extended beyond the immediate day or hour. We lived posthumous lives, so to speak, and would hardly have resented it, should an arbitrary period have been put to our revisiting of the "glimpses of the moon."

On this night, then, of early September (as I will prefer calling it) I issued from my burrow, calm under the intolerable tyranny of circumstance. Desiring to reconstruct myself on the principle of an older independence, I was mentally discussing the illogic of a system of purgation that was seeking to solve the problem of existence by emptying the world, when I became aware that my preoccupied ramblings had brought me into the very presence of that sombre engine that was the concrete expression of so much and such detestable false reasoning. In effect, and to speak without circumdibus, I found myself to have wandered into the Faubourg St. Antoine—into the place of execution, and to have checked my steps only at the very foot of the guillotine.

It was close upon midnight, and, overhead, very wild and broken weather. But the deeps of atmosphere, with the city for their ocean bed, as it were, lay profoundly undis-

turbed by the surface turmoil above; and in the tranquil *Place*, for all the upper flurry, one could hear oneself breathe and think.

I could have done this with the more composure, had not another sound, the import of which I was a little late in recognizing, crept into my hearing with a full accompaniment of dismay. This sound was like licking or lapping, very bestial and unclean, and when I came to interpret it, it woke in me a horrible nausea. For all at once I knew that, hidden in that dreadful conduit that strong citizens of late had dug from the *Place St. Antoine* to the river, to carry away the ponded blood of the executed, the wild dogs of Paris were slaking their wolfish thirst. I could hear their filthy gutturing and the scrape of their lazy tongues on the soil, and my heart went cold, for latterly, and since they had taken to hunting in packs, these ravenous brutes had assailed and devoured more than one belated citizen whom they had scented traversing the *Champs Elysées*, or other lonely space; and I was aware a plan for their extermination was even now under discussion by the committee of public safety.

Now, to fling scorn to the axe in that city of terror was to boast only that one had adjusted oneself to a necessity that did not imply an affectation of indifference to the fangs of wild beasts—for such, indeed, they were. So, a suicide, who goes to cast himself headlong into the river, may run in a panic from a falling beam, and be consistent, too; for his compact is with death—not mutilation.

Be that as it may, I know that for the moment terror so snapped at my heel that, under the very teeth of it, I leaped up the scaffold steps—with the wild idea of swarming to the beam above the knife and thence defying my pursuers, should they nose and bay me seated there at refuge—and stood with a white desperate face, scarcely daring to pant out the constriction of my lungs.

There followed no sound of concentrated movement; but only that

stealthy licking went on, with the occasional plash of brute feet in a bloody mire; and gradually my turbulent pulses slowed, and I thought myself a fool for my pains in advertising my presence on a platform of such deadly prominence.

Still, not a soul seemed to be abroad. As I trod the fateful quarter ten minutes earlier, the last squalid roysterers had staggered from the wine-shops—the last gleams of light been shut upon the emptied streets. I was alone with the dogs and the guillotine.

Liptoeing very gently, very softly, I was preparing to descend the steps once more, when I drew back with a muttered exclamation, and stood staring down upon an apparition that, speeding at that moment into the *Place*, paused within ten paces of the scaffold on which I stood.

Above the scudding clouds was a moon that pulsed a weak intermittent radiance through the worn places of the drift. Its light was always more suggested than revealed; but it was sufficient to denote that the apparition was that of a very pale young woman—a simple child she looked, whose eyes, nevertheless, wore that common expression of the dramatic intensity of her times.

She stood an instant, tense as Corday, her fingers bent to her lips; her background a frousy wall with the legend *Propriété Nationale* scrawled on it in white chalk. Significant to the inference, the cap of scarlet wool was drawn down upon her young *blondes* curls—the gold of the coveted perukes.

Suddenly she made a little movement, and in the same instant gave out a whistle clear and soft.

Yes, it was she from whom it proceeded; and I shuddered. There below me in the ditch were the dogs; here before me was this fearless child.

For myself, even in the presence of this angel, I dared scarcely stir. It was unnatural; it was preposterous—came a scramble and a rush; and there, issued from the filthy sewer, was a huge boarhound, that fawned on the little citizenne, and yelped (under

her breath) like a thing of human understanding.

She cried softly, "Down, Rade-gonde!" and patted the monster's head with a pretty manner of endearment.

"Ah!" she murmured, "hast thou broken thy faith with thy hunger? Traitor!—but I will ask no questions. Here are thy comfits. Mysweet, remember thy pedigree and thy mistress."

She thrust a handful of sugarplums into the great jaws. I could hear the hound crunching them in her teeth.

What was I to do?—what warning to give? This child—this frail wind-flower of the night—the guillotine would have devoured her at a snap, and laughed over the tit-bit! But I, and the nameless gluttons of the ditch!

They were there—part at least of one of those packs (recruited by gradual degrees from the desolated homes of the proscribed—of *émigrés*) that now were swollen to such formidable proportions as to have become a menace and a nightly terror. The dogs were there, and should they scent this tender quarry, what power was in a single faithful hound to defend her against a half hundred, perhaps, of her fellows.

Sweating with apprehension, I stole down the steps. She was even then preparing to retreat hurriedly as she had come. Her lips were pressed to the beast's wrinkled head. The sound of her footstep might have precipitated the catastrophe I dreaded.

"Citoyenne! Citoyenne!" I whispered in an anguished voice.

She looked up, scared and white in a moment. The dog gave a rolling growl.

"Radegonde!" she murmured, in a faint warning tone.

The brute stood alert, her hair bristling.

"Bid her away!" I entreated. "You are in danger."

She neither answered nor moved.

"See, I am in earnest!" I cried, loud as I durst. "The wild dogs are below there."

"Radegonde!" she murmured again.

"Ah, mademoiselle! What are two rows of teeth against a hundred? Send her away, I implore you, and accept my escort out of this danger."

"My faith!" she said at last, in a queer little moving voice, "it may be as the citizen says; but I think dogs are safer than men."

I urged my prayer. The beauty and courage of the child filled my heart with a sort of rapturous despair.

"The good God witness I am speaking for your safety alone! Will this prevail with you? I am the Comte de Muette. I exchange you that confidence for a little that you may place in me. I lay my life in your hands, and I beg the charge of yours in return."

I could hear her breathing deep where she stood. Suddenly she bent and spoke to her companion.

"To the secret place, Radegonde—and to-morrow again for thy *confiture*, thou bad glutton. Kiss thy Nanette, my baby; and, oh, Radegonde! not what falls from the table of Sainte-Guillotine!"

She stood erect, and held up a solemn finger. The hound slunk away, like a human thing ashamed; showed her teeth at me as she passed, and disappeared in the shadows of the scaffold.

I took a hurried step forward. Near at hand the pure loveliness of this citizenne was, against its surroundings, like a flower floating on blood.

She smiled, and looked me earnestly in the face. We were but phantoms to one another in that moony twilight; but in those fearful times men had learned to adapt their eyesight to the second plague of darkness.

"Is it true?" she said, softly. "Monsieur le Comte, it must be long since you have received a curtsey."

She dropped me one there, bending to her own prettiness like a rose; and then she gave a little low laugh. Truly that city of Paris saw some strange meetings in the year of terror.

"I, too," she said, "was born of the *noblesse*. That is a secret, monsieur, to set against yours."

I could but answer, with some concern:—

"Mademoiselle, these confessions, if meet for the holy saint yonder, are little for the ears of the devil's advocates. I entreat let us be walking, or those in the ditch may anticipate upon us his benediction."

"*Ma foi!*" she said, "it is true. Come, then!"

We went off together, stealing from the square like thieves. Presently, when I could breathe with a half relief, "You will not go to-morrow?" I said.

"To feed Radegonde! Ah, monsieur! I would not for the whole world lose the little sweet-tooth her goodies. Each of us has only the other to love in all this cruel city."

"So, my child! And they have taken the rest?"

"Monsieur, my father was the rest. He went on the seventeenth Fructidor; and since, my veins do not run blood, I think, but only ice-water, that melts from my heart and returns to freeze again."

I sighed.

"Nay," she said, "for I can laugh, as you see."

"And the dog, my poor child?"

"She ran under the tumbrel, and bit at the heels of the horses. She would not leave him, monsieur; and still—and still she haunts the place. I go to her,—when all the city is silent I go to her, if I can escape, and take her the sweetmeats that she loves. What of that? It is only a little while and my turn must come, and then Radegonde will be alone. My hair, monsieur will observe, is the right color for the perukes."

She stayed me with a touch.

"I am arrived. A thousand thanks for your escort, Monsieur le Comte."

We were by a low casement with a ledge before it—an easy climb from the street. She pushed the lattice open, showing me it was unbolted from within.

"She thinks me fast asleep," she said. "Some day soon, perhaps, but not yet."

I did not ask her who *she* was. I seemed all mazed in a silent dream of pity.

"It is quite simple," she said, "when no cavalier is by to look. Will the citizen turn his head?"

She was up in an instant, and stepping softly into the room beyond, leaned out towards me. On the moment an evil thing grew out of the shadow of a buttress close by, and a wicked insolent face looked into mine with a grin.

"A sweet good-night to Monsieur le Comte," it said, and vanished.

Shocked and astounded, I stood rooted to the spot. But there came a sudden low voice in my ear:—

"Quick, quick! have you no knife? You must follow!"

I had taken but a single uncertain step, when, from a little way down the street we had traversed, there cut into the night a sharp attenuated howl; and, in a moment, on the passing of it, a chorus of hideous notes swept upon me standing there in indecision.

"My God!" I cried—"the dogs!"

She made a sound like a plover. I scrambled to the ledge and dropped into the room beyond. There in the dark she clutched and clung to me. For though the cry had been bestial, there had seemed to answer to it something mortal—an echo—a human scream of very dreadful fear,—there came a rush of feet like a wind, and, with ashy faces, we looked forth.

They had him—that evil thing. An instant we saw his sick white face thrown up like a stone in the midst of a writhing sea; and the jangle was hellish. Then I closed the lattice, and pressed her face to my breast.

He had run from us to his doom, which meeting, he had fled back in his terror to make us the ghastly sport he had designed should be his.

How long we stood thus I know not. The noise outside was unnameable, and I closed her ears with her hair, with my hands—nay, I say it with a passionate shame, with my lips. She sobbed a little and moaned; but she clung to me, and I could feel the beat-

ing of her heart. We had heard windows thrown open down the street—one or two on the floors above us. I had no heed or care for any danger. I was wrapt in a fearful ecstasy.

By and by she lifted her face. Then the noise had ceased for some time, and a profound silence reigned about us.

"Ah!" she said, in a faint reeling voice. "Radegonde was there; I saw her!"

"Mademoiselle—the noble creature—she hath won us a respite."

Her breath caught in the darkness.

"Yes," she said. "There is a peruke that must wait."

Suddenly she backed from me, and put the hair from her eyes.

"If you dare, monsieur, it necessitates that we make our adieux."

"Au revoir, citoyenne. It must be that, indeed."

She held out her hand, that was like a rose petal. I put my lips to it and lingered.

"Monsieur, monsieur!" she entreated.

The next moment I was in the street.

II.

Who was my little citoyenne? Ah! I shall never know. The terror gripped us, and these things passed. Incidents that would make the passion of sober times, the spirit of revolution dismisses with a shrug. To die in those days was such a vulgar complaint.

But I saw her once more, and then when my heart nestled to her image and my veins throbbled to her remembered touch.

I was strolling, on the morning following my strange experience, in the neighborhood of the Champs Elysées, when I was aware of a great press of people all making in the direction of that open ground.

"What arrives, then, citizen?" I cried to one who paused for breath near me.

A gasped, the little morose. To ask any question that showed one ignorant on the latest caprice of the executive was almost to be "suspect."

"Has not the citizen heard? The Committee of Safety has decreed the destruction of the dogs."

"The dogs?"

"Sacred Blood!" he cried. "Is it not time, when they take, as it is said they did last night, a good friend of the Republic to supper?"

He ran on, and I followed. All about the Champs Elysées was a tumultuous crowd, and posted within were two battalions of the National Guard, their blue uniforms resplendent, their flintlocks shining in their hands. They, the soldiers, surrounded the area, save towards the Rue Royale, where a gap occurred; and on this gap all eyes were fixed.

Scarcely was I come on the scene when on every side a laughing hubbub arose. The dogs were being driven in, at first by twos and threes, but presently in great numbers at a time. For hours, I was told, had half the gamins of Paris been beating the coverts and hallooing their quarry to the tolls.

At length, when many hundreds were accumulated in the free space, the soldiers closed in and drove the skulking brutes through the gap towards the Place Royale. And there they made a battue of it, shooting them down by the score.

With difficulty I made my way round to the *Place*, the better to view the sport. The poor trapped *guillards* ran hither and thither, crying, yelping—some fawning on their executioners, some begging to the bullets, as if these were crusts thrown to them. And my heart woke to pity; for was I not witnessing the destruction of my good friends?

The noise—the volleying, the howling, the shrieking of the *canaille*—was indescribable.

Suddenly my pulses gave a leap. I knew her—Radegonde. She was driven into the fire and stood at bay, bristling.

"Nanette!" cried a quick acid voice; "Nanette—imbecille—my God!"

It all passed in an instant. There, starting from the crowd, was the figure of a tall sour-featured woman, the

tiny tricolor bow in her scarlet cap; there was the thin excited musketeer, his piece to his shoulder; there was my citoyenne flung upon the ground, her arms about the neck of the hound.

Whether his aim was true or false, who can tell? He shot her through her dog, and his sergeant brained him. And in due course his sergeant was invited for his reward to look through the little window.

These were a straw or two in the torrent of the revolution.

It was Citizen Gaspardin who accepted the contract to remove the carcasses (some three thousand of them) that encumbered the Place Royale as a result of this drastic measure. However, his eye being bigger than his stomach, as the saying is, he found himself short of means adequate to his task, and so applied for the royal equipages to help him out of his difficulty. And these the Assembly, entering into the joke, was moved to lend him; and the dead dogs, hearsed in gilt and gingerbread as full as they could pack, made a rare procession of it through Paris, thereby pointing half-a-dozen morals that it is not worth while at this date to insist on.

I saw the show pass amidst laughter and clapping of hands; and I saw Radegonde, as I thought, her head lolling from the roof of the stateliest coach of all. But her place should have been on the seat of honor.

And the citoyenne, the dark window, the ripping sound in the street, and that bosom bursting to mine in agony? Episodes, my friend—mere travelling sparks in dead ashes, that glowed an instant and vanished. The times bristled with such. Love and hate, and all the kaleidoscope of passion—pouf! a sigh shook the tube, and form and color were changed.

But—but—but—ah! I was glad thenceforth not to shudder for my heart when a *blonde perruque* went by me.

BERNARD CAFES.

From Chambers's Journal.
DELAGOA BAY.

A glance at the map of South Africa reveals some of the reasons why Delagoa Bay is accounted a key of the political situation in that part of the world. In its immediate neighborhood meet the territories of three out of the four civilized powers that share among them the region lying south of the Zambesi. The fourth—Germany—would welcome nothing more gladly than a chance of planting itself in this strategic spot, and ousting from thence Briton, Boer, and Portuguese. For Delagoa Bay is the finest and most capacious harbor on the east coast of Africa. Its geographical position makes it the nearest point of access to the rich gold-bearing and farming lands of the Transvaal, and the natural outlet of its trade. With Pretoria, Lourenço Marques is already connected by a line of railway, which, for political, fiscal, and other reasons, is specially favored by the government of the Transvaal State. Within the last few years the volume and value of its commerce have vastly increased. Quays, streets, and public buildings have started up out of the swamp, and strips of foreshore that but lately might have been had for an old song are bid for at ransom prices by competing syndicates.

It is, however, the future rather than the present facts of the trade of the Bay and port that engage the thoughts of statesmen and commercial speculators. Another generation will find it of immeasurably greater importance than it is to-day. It must grow up with the magnificent country on the tablelands behind it, and a large part of the traffic and intercourse with the British colony in Rhodesia, as well as with the South African Republic, is likely to pass through Delagoa Bay. This it is that explains why an obscure and unhealthy nook of Africa should twice have been the subject of international arbitrations, one of them still pending; why its history is to be found embalmed in many blue-books; why it should from time to time be made the subject of parliamentary discussion and of alarmist newspaper paragraphs, telling of the intrigues of this or that power to secure

it by seizure or purchase; why everybody understood the significance of the step when, at the crisis of the recent difficulties with the Transvaal, a British squadron was moved to Delagoa Bay.

It may be asked how it is that we were so long in discovering the importance of Delagoa Bay, and especially how it came about that, after having it partly in our hands, we should have let it go again. The same question might be put, and would elicit a still more unsatisfactory reply, concerning the other breaks in the continuity and stability of our South African Empire—as, for instance, the two Boer republics lying north and south of the Vaal, both of which were for a time under the British flag. Rulers and governments, especially when they have to exercise control from so great a distance off as Downing Street, cannot be expected to look deeply into the future, or to fully appreciate all the bearings of local facts. South African progress, it must also be remembered, has been made not only at infinite trouble, but at enormous cost to the home country. There have been times—happily the present is not one of them—when, through native wars and Dutch worries, the Imperial Cabinet and the nation have been “sick of South Africa.”

Who could have foretold, when her Majesty came to the throne, the immense significance which Delagoa Bay would attain before her reign was over? At that time settlement from the south had barely reached the Orange River; much of the Cape Colony was still unexplored desert—a wild game preserve as yet untouched by civilized man. The discontented Boers were only preparing for their “trek” into the unknown regions beyond the Gariep; in Natal, Dingaan ruled with authority undisputed in the room of his father, Chaka; Moselikatse and his Matabele were the lords of the present Transvaal Republic; and a third Zulu power, the Gaza tribe, were in possession of the country adjoining Delagoa Bay. Portugal slept an enchanted sleep on the strip of East Africa which she claimed on the strength of discoveries made by her navigators nearly three centuries ago, and of dubious treaties with the “Emperor of Monomotapa”—a sleep from which she

has only lately been awakened by the activity of other powers. Her authority in 1837 did not extend beyond the range of the guns of her military posts; and Lourenço Marques had a little before failed even to keep at bay the assegais of the Zulus.

It is unnecessary to enter far into the question of the conflicting claims of Portugal and of Great Britain to the southern side of Delagoa Bay—the Portuguese right to the territory north of the Espiritu Santo (the name given to the estuary of the Umbelosi River), including the site of Lourenço Marques, was not disputed by us. The matter was judicially decided by Marshal MacMahon's award in 1875. Dr. McCall Theal is probably right in his opinion that both claims were weak, but that that of Portugal was the more skilfully presented. It rested chiefly on the ground of original discovery and of intermittent occupation; that of Britain on more recent annexation and concession by native tribes. The decision turned much on the interpretation to be given to an old treaty between Portugal and Great Britain, in which the territories of the former were defined as extending “from Cape Delgado to the Bay of Lourenço Marques,” which Portugal contended must embrace the whole shores of that bay.

It was discovered in 1502 by Antonio da Campo, the commander of one of the vessels of Vasco da Gama's squadron, whose ship, becoming disabled, put in for shelter at this spacious inlet. From the natives, with whom the Portuguese began intercourse in characteristic fashion by kidnapping, a rumor seems to have been gathered of a great lake in the interior; and under the impression that the centre stream of Espiritu Santo estuary flowed from this imaginary reservoir, the discoverers bestowed on these waters the name of *Bahia da Lagoa*—the “Bay of the Lake”—which in a modified form it still bears. One gathers from the narratives of the Portuguese voyagers that the native tribes dwelling between the Bay and the Cape Colony were very different, in their political and tribal divisions at least, from the Kaffir races that now occupy the region. A shipwrecked crew that traversed the distance nearly a

hundred years later than Da Campo's time met with not a single tribe bearing the same name as that of any now existing; African dynasties are of still briefer duration than those of Europe.

Portugal's interest in the district was confined to trading in ivory, slaves, and gold-dust that even then came down in small quantities from the interior. No attempt was made to exercise control over the natives, nor do objections appear to have been raised when other nations—the Dutch and the British—began to visit the Bay. Thus when in 1721 an expedition from Holland, attracted by the report of gold-mines in the back country, landed and built a fort—on the site of what is now Lourenço Marques—they were left unmolested, and only abandoned it some years later on account of lack of trade and the unhealthiness of the spot. The Dutch, to whose rights in South Africa this country afterwards succeeded, were therefore the first to attempt the permanent occupation of Delagoa Bay; for hitherto Lourenço Marques—so called from a trader who visited the spot in 1545—had been but a place of call and barter for the ivory and slave merchants, and for an occasional official from Mozambique. It was not until 1781 that the Portuguese founded a station on the site of the old Dutch fort, and it was not until after the present reign began that the present town of Lourenço Marques took its rise.

By many claims and acts the Portuguese had asserted their right to this northern side of the Bay. But it was supposed that its southern shores, with the Bay islands, were still open to occupation; and they lay within the limits of the twenty-fifth degree of latitude, up to which in other direction the British authority established at the Cape was supposed to extend. The first indication given on the part of this country that the prospective value of Delagoa Bay was recognized was when, in 1822, the surveying expedition of Captain Owen entered it, and receiving from the Portuguese commandant of the fort the assurance that the natives were not subject to the Lisbon government, proceeded to accept the cession by the chief Mazeta of the land lying along the Tembe River, and from Makasane of

the country between the Maputa and the sea. At the same time, as Dr. Theal observes, new names were affixed to localities; the estuary of the *Espritu Santo* was dubbed English River; the Da Lagoa became the Dundas, which has in turn been driven out by the old Bantu name of the Umbelosi.

So far were the Portuguese from being in a position at this period to combat the British claims, that they were themselves, ten years later, driven from their fort by the warriors of the Gaza tribe. The question of the ownership of Delagoa Bay did not, indeed, excite any interest until the emigrant Dutch farmers had moved into the country between the Vaal and the Limpopo, with British authority following hard on the heels of these runaway subjects of the crown, as the law then regarded them. They began eagerly looking out for some access to the sea that would make them finally independent of controlling hands and troublesome taxes, to seek escape from which they had fled into the wilderness. Natal was closed to them when it was made into a British colony. The next opening to sea and to the world was through Delagoa Bay; and in that direction the eyes of the Boers became more and more fixed. Other eyes, however, were turned towards the same quarter. As the Boers trekked northward into these dry and healthy uplands, whose mineral wealth was as yet unsuspected, British authority felt itself compelled to move after them, reluctantly and with many halts, and by interposing between them and the sea, prevent the introduction of new elements that disturbed our native policy and might jeopardize our hold on South Africa. It was in pursuance of this policy that Captain Bickford, of H.M.S. *Narcissus*, in 1861 raised the British flag on Inhak and Elephant Islands, and proclaimed the adjoining territory annexed to the colony of Natal.

Then, indeed, moved thereto partly by the republic founded beyond the Vaal, whose independence had been recognized seven years before by the Sand River Convention, Portugal took measures to assert her rights, and in order to strengthen her case, took care to acquire whatever territorial claims had been already put forward in this quarter by the

Boers. The outcome of it all was the arbitration, the effect of which has already been described; it gave to Portugal more territory, lying to the south of the Bay, than she had asked for.

Thus at an early stage of this interesting game of empire we had apparently lost one of the trump cards. Not entirely, however, for in the course of the negotiations that preceded the arbitration a pledge was obtained from Portugal that she would not part with the territory in dispute to any other power until she had given Britain the refusal of the acquisition on the same terms—a pledge which, as we shall see, has since been confirmed, defined, and extended. But the fact is that in 1872, when arbitration was agreed upon, few people in Africa or in Europe dreamed that any other power would attempt to gain a footing in the region between the Zambesi and the Cape. Enlightenment came when, some twelve or thirteen years later, Prince Bismarck, having completed the unification of Germany and rid himself of other home cares, began to look abroad in search of a colonial empire, and through his agents set the example of the "scramble for Africa."

In the mean time the Transvaal State had fallen into anarchy and bankruptcy; and Sir Theophilus Shepstone, with a few policemen at his back, had stepped across the frontier, and had annexed it to the British Crown. The military power of the Zulus had been encountered and broken in the coast country between Natal and Delagoa Bay. Again the winning cards were in our hands; but again they were given up or endangered. The Transvaal was surrendered to the Insurgent Boers, under burden, however, of suzerain rights, since modified into an oversight of foreign policy. Zululand was parcelled out among thirteen native kinglets. And no sooner had we acted with this prodigal generosity than we found reason to repent our want of foresight. By a piece of diplomatic sharp practice, Germany cut out for herself a huge cantle of territory in South-west Africa. Economically worthless, it is politically of the nature of a thorn in our side. Its importance has been largely nullified by the fact that we still hold the one useful

harbor on this coast, Walfish Bay, and that our advance in Bechuanaland, covering the trade-route to the north, has effectually cut off German territory from the Boer Republics.

Very different, however, was the situation on the eastern side, where only a comparatively narrow band of coast country interposed between the Transvaal and the Indian Ocean. From without and from within sedulous efforts were made to break through this barrier. Herr Lüderitz, the founder of Angra-Pequena, attempted to plant another German colony in St. Lucia Bay, but was starved out. The Boers have broken the Convention line, and have eaten their way through a good part of Zululand towards the sea. The rest of it we have been in time to place definitely under our flag; and by agreement with Portugal we have joined up the territories of the two powers, by parting Tongaland between them. The recent surrender of Swaziland to the Pretoria government has brought it nearer than ever to Delagoa Bay; and the Transvaal had also the opportunity of acquiring "way-leave" for an alternative line of railway and of access to the sea through British Tongaland to Kosi Bay, as a condition of joining a South African Customs Union.

But fate and circumstances have in the mean time diverted these schemes and made Lourenço Marques more than ever the "vulnerable point" of South-east Africa. Three main factors have yet to be mentioned—the railway, the gold discoveries of the Rand, and the extension of British settlement and authority throughout the region from the Limpopo to Lake Tanganyika. The Delagoa Bay railway question is a long and perplexed one; it is still under arbitration at Geneva, and the award has not yet been pronounced as to the amount of compensation due to the American and British projectors and investors, on account of the high-handed action of the Portuguese government in seizing the line on the ground of the expiry of the contracted time for completion. But the railway itself is an important political as well as commercial fact. In carrying it through the Limpopo Range and the swamp-lands beneath, great engineering difficulties had to be over-

come. On it, under its Boer-Hollander management, President Kruger relies as one of his mainstays against that inrush of British influence which has come along with the wealth drawn in almost fabulous quantity from the quartz-veins of the Rand. This last it is that feeds, and must continue to feed, the trade of Lourenço Marques and increase the importance of Delagoa Bay—that counteracts all the obstacles, in the shape of the pestilential climate, the surrounding swamp and forest, the tsetse fly, and, last but not least, the *vis inertie* of Portuguese officialdom, that before stood in the way of its prosperity. It has stimulated also those stories, current on the continent, of a project by which, under cover of an extension of the charter and powers of the Mozambique Company, the administrative and fiscal control of the Bay would be placed in the joint hands of the Transvaal government and of a syndicate of Berlin capitalists—in breach of the spirit, at least, of the London Convention and of the Anglo-Portuguese treaty of June, 1891, under which the right of pre-emption is extended to all the possessions of Portugal south of the Zambesi.

These documents are among the strong cards that are left us; and they need to be played with care and finesse as well as vigor. But besides and beyond, as assurance that no lever inserted at Delagoa Bay or elsewhere will break up our South African empire, there is the northern spread of British settlement and enterprise, up to and beyond the Zambesi; there is our paramount power on the sea. Who holds the sea holds Delagoa Bay, and South Africa, "in the hollow of his hand."

JOHN GEDDIE.

From Knowledge.

THE SUPERSTITIONS OF SHAKESPEARE'S GREENWOOD.

If it is remarkable—and I think it is—that the dialect form of speech now in vogue in rural Warwickshire should have survived for a period of between three and four hundred years, it is also noteworthy that the superstitions

should have existed for a like term, and should still survive in some of their most famous forms at the end of the nineteenth century, in an age which plumes itself upon its civilization and enlightenment. This is the more remarkable bearing the fact in mind that Warwickshire is the central county of England, open to all the influences of modern civilization, and in many seasons of the year simply overrun with visitors, who may be supposed to bring with them the new ideas, the new fancies, and the new language of a new people.

The survival of superstition is, I think, to be traced to the original woodiness of "leafy Warwickshire," which made it a dark land in which nature could play her many moods, both night and day; and these would, no doubt, operate strongly upon the minds of the simple, almost primeval, woodlanders with an energetic and perhaps a fatal effect; because people who are cut off, as it were, from all civilizing influences are more prone than townspeople to regard the movements of natural life as evidences of the supernatural, and to associate with an invisible and evil agency the simple workings of the laws of Nature. Yet the curious fact remains that the most famous survivals of superstition in Warwickshire have occurred in the Vale of the Red Horse, which lies in the Feldon, or "open country," south of the Avon; whereas the woodland, which embraces the ancient Forest of Arden, is on the north of the river; and although superstition in many forms is rife there to-day, the more celebrated cases are indigenous to the soil of the south, growing out of Shakespeare's own immediate neighborhood, and are perhaps to be traced to the proximity of the Rollright Stones, on and around which so much superstition continues to cling.

What I may call the gentler forms of superstitious feeling are common to both woodland and Feldon. The forester, the ploughman, the milk boy, the field girl, the housewife, and indeed all peasants of whatever age, condition,

or calling, will turn their money—if they have any; if not they will borrow two halfpence for the occasion—"for luck" at hearing the first note of the cuckoo. The waggoner, returning home to his cottage in a combe on a summer evening after a hard day's work, would feel uneasy in mind if *one* magpie instead of *two* flew over his head. He would persuade himself that sorrow was in store for him. In his simple country jargon:—

One magpie means sorrow; two mirth;
Three a wedding; four a birth.

So when he saw the one magpie—the fateful one—he would cross himself or raise his hat to it, to prevent the "bad luck" which would otherwise follow.

Such forms of superstition as these, and many others to which I shall presently allude, are peculiar to the peasants in all the villages and hamlets of Warwickshire; so far, however, as an intimate knowledge of the life of the peasants has enabled me to discover it is only in the Vale of the Red Horse, and more especially in the immediate vicinity of the villages of Kineton, Tysoe, and Long Compton, where superstition, amounting to an unslayable belief in witchcraft, has existed in an acute form during the past twenty years, and still survives in spite of the march of education.

Perhaps the surroundings of the village of Long Compton have something to do with the survival there to this day of a staunch belief in witchcraft. It is just on the southern border-line of "leafy Warwickshire," is planted in a gentle hollow, and is quite close to the King Stone of the Rollrights. The community, too, is extremely small, and is practically untouched by the enlightening influences of modern progress.

In September, 1875, there were in the opinion of James Heywood, a dweller in the locality, no less than sixteen witches in the village of Long Compton. The man was not singular in his opinion; many others shared the same extraordinary belief, though they were more passive in their actions than Heywood. In the same village there had

lived from her birth to the age of eighty a woman of the peasant class named Ann Tennant. By some means the poor old lady had drawn upon her the unwelcome attentions of certain villagers, who, led by the modern Warwickshire witch-hunter, James Heywood, and filled with the superstition of the neighborhood, became firmly convinced that she had the evil eye and was a "proper witch."

No doubt the man, ignorant boor though he was, had imbibed some knowledge of witches and of the manner of testing them. It is clear, indeed, that he had determined to test, or rather to kill, Dame Tennant, for, chancing to meet her out one day gathering sticks for the coming winter, he stabbed her with a pitchfork, and so severely that the wound proved fatal, and the poor victim of deeply-seated superstition died almost immediately.

How surely the cloud of superstitious belief had fallen upon the mind of this man was shown in the defence he made for the murder he had committed. "If you knows," he said, "the number o' people who lies i' our churchyard, who, if it had not been for them [the witches], would be alive now, you would be surprised. Her [the deceased] was a proper witch." His mind was thickly overlaid with supernaturalism. He saw witches everywhere—in everything. When water was brought to him in the police cell he roundly declared that there were witches in it.

Heywood's method of attacking the supposed witch was evidently a survival of the earliest and most famous style of superstitious incantation of the Anglo-Saxons, called "stacung" (or sticking), which consisted in sticking spikes, pins, or thorns into the detested person, with the expression of a wish that the wounded part might mortify or wither away. In most parts of England where a belief in witchcraft has existed, this has been the form which the testing has taken, though in some instances, as Sir Walter Scott states, clay images of the detested persons were made and stuck over with pins or spikes.

The year 1875 was quite a witch year in the vale of the Red Horse. All the little lonely villages, clustering there in silence and suspicion, were bitten by the craze for witch finding. Whether Long Compton started the cry or not cannot well be determined, but it passed mysteriously from village to village and made a very sad time for ancient dames. One such suffered at the village of Tysoe, a short distance from Long Compton. She was reputed by her neighbors to be a witch, so much so that some people came over from Brilles, an adjacent village, and, taking her unawares, scored her hand with a corking pin, in order, as they said, to nullify the effects of the evil eye she had cast upon them.

To draw blood was always the favorite method of dealing with supposed witches. That there were persons thought to possess the power of witchcraft in Warwickshire, and that blood was drawn from them, three hundred years ago, may be assumed from the fact that Shakespeare alludes to the practice in the first part of "King Henry VI." when he makes Talbot say to La Pucelle:—

Blood will I draw on thee: thou art a witch;
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serveest.

It is an interesting though painful fact, therefore, to notice that blood should have been drawn from a supposed witch in Shakespeare's own neighborhood so recently as the year 1875.

Superstition in Warwickshire has from a very early period associated itself with a staunch belief in the appearance of the "night coach." This is a form of vision-seeing quite peculiar to woody districts, and similar to the spectral apparition of "the boggart," which was formerly asserted to be so often seen in the neighborhood of Meriden—anciently called the "Miry Den," because of its swampy condition—which is seated in the thick portion of the once famous Forest of Arden.

A "night coach" is recorded to have nightly ridden over the flats and hills in the district of the villages of Mickleton, on the Gloucestershire border, and Ilmington, within the boundary lines of

"leafy Warwickshire." Many people staunchly averred that they saw this phantom coach, and even to this day the memory of it remains deeply rooted in the minds of the old and solitary inhabitants, the uncanny story having been told to them by their superstition-enthralled ancestors. This coach has been described by those who professed to have seen it as a heavy family coach, at that date—somewhere about 1780—grown old-fashioned, and drawn by six dark horses. Its course was over the springy turf of the hills towards the Gloucestershire boundary of the county, whence it passed abruptly over the brow of the steep hills into the deeps beneath, in a manner which never could have been accomplished by an earthly coach, drawn by six natural horses, and driven by a natural coachman. I am sometimes disposed to think that there may be traced some connection between this "night coach" and the famous spectral six-in-hand of the equally famous Elizabethan knight, One-handed Boughton, of Lawford Hall, near Rugby, in the north-west district of Warwickshire, as this coach appeared about the same date, and made its excursions during the nocturnal hours, which was of course quite natural in a phantom coach.

What the particular cause of the nightly racings of One-handed Boughton was, cannot precisely be determined; but that his spirit was by some means violently exercised, and that men of light and leading firmly believed in the apparition, may be assumed from the fact that several Warwickshire gentlemen and clergymen met together one night when One-handed Boughton was taking his nightly ride, and by bell, and book, and prayer, succeeded in catching his perturbed spirit, and enclosed it in a phial, which they threw into a neighboring marl pit filled with water.

As showing the grip which these old-time superstitions have upon the mind of the Warwickshire rustic—though I must confess that there is something mysterious and unexplainable in this case of One-handed Boughton, and am reminded of the speech Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Hamlet: "There are more things in heaven and earth,

Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy"—it may be of interest to note that in the early "seventies," though the old hall at Lawford had long since been razed to the ground, there was a revival of the belief in the ghostly visitation of One-handed Boughton, and it exists to this day in the vicinity of Rugby.

One instance among several was afforded by a Mr. John Watts, an old and respected inhabitant of Rugby, who died about the year 1863, aged ninety-three. He was, it is said, one day out walking with a friend in the neighborhood honored by the appearance of One-handed Boughton, when the friend suddenly started, and, pointing to a distance, cried, "There is One-handed Boughton!" Mr. Watts averred that he stared with all his might in the direction indicated, but he could see nothing whatever.

It is probably owing to the still leafy and undulating condition of Warwickshire that so many of the current superstitions have become connected with outdoor life. There are strong beliefs in haunted houses, and it would be strange if there were not in a country so rich in historic mansions, each of which has its own particular romance, and many of which have their own familiar spirits; but where the superstitions hold upon the peasant mind is greater is in the vicinity of ancient fabrics whose character is shadowed by some grim story that has come down through the ages, where some dark deed of bloodshed committed in the past has woven a cloud of superstition and fear, which generally results in the so-called "appearance" of a ghostly visitant to some of the rustics.

Thus we find, and not unnaturally when the romance and history of the place is recalled, that the spirit glamour has settled down upon the ancient seat known as Guy's Cliffe—one mile from Warwick by the Coventry road—now the residence of Lord Algernon Percy, son of the Duke of Northumberland; and also over Blacklow Hill, a slight eminence a little distance north-west of the Cliffe.

This very picturesque house, charmingly seen at the end of a venerable avenue of Scotch firs, is, as every reader of

English and Warwickshire history is probably aware, the scene in which is laid the romantic story of Guy, Earl of Warwick, whose exploits in love and war form a subject which, if mythical, as antiquarians declare, has nevertheless developed into a belief which centuries have not removed, and which no amount of antiquarian discussion can exorcise. Blacklow Hill is the historic spot upon which the witty and unscrupulous Gaul, Piers Gaveston, Earl of Cornwall, and favorite of Edward II., lost his head at the instigation of Guy de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick—called by Gaveston "the Black dog of Arden"—and other powerful barons: so that the survival of superstitions in and around this spot is, as I have said, not unnatural.

Hard by Blacklow Hill there is a tract of waste land called Ganerslie Heath. No peasant will linger there after night-fall, for strange sounds are said to be heard issuing through the thick foliage. At the dread hour of midnight it is averred that dismal bells toll from Blacklow Hill, and as the palfrey upon which Gaveston was led to execution there was richly caparisoned and wore a string of bells round its neck, superstition has come to regard this sound as proceeding from the spectre of man and horse, which, during the past five hundred years, is supposed to have traversed the road from Warwick Castle to the place of execution, just as the gruesome cavalcade did in real life upon that doomed midnight or early morning.

A curious superstition, which amounts to the firmest belief, surrounds a structure called Littleham Bridge, a lonely spot on the highroad between Hampton Lucy and Stratford-on-Avon. Here, on the night of the 4th of November, 1820, Mr. William Hiron, a yeoman of the neighboring village of Alveston, was set upon and murdered by four ruffians. He was found dead in the morning, with his head resting in a hole, and from that day to this, a period of seventy-five years, every attempt to fill the hole again has, it is said, been ineffectual. This is the local belief and affirmation. If the hole is filled with earth at night, it is empty again the next morning. What strange being or power performs this nocturnal act, no man knoweth; but

that it is a foundation of the very deeply rooted superstition can be ascertained by any one who visits the spot, and inquires about the tragedy and the hole from the inhabitants of the locality.

The two stories connected with the Ladies Charlotte and Margaret Clopton—both of which must have been known to Shakespeare, the first of which he is thought to have utilized in "Romeo and Juliet," and the other in "Hamlet"—are of a character so romantic and lamentable that it is no wonder they should have added the phantom touch to the old edifice; both ladies, indeed, have enjoyed the reputation of having "walked" in spirit about the house and grounds of their home ever since their untimely deaths, more than three hundred years ago. The scene of Charlotte Clopton's tragic story is laid at Stratford-on-Avon Church during the black plague, which greatly decimated the population of the classic town in 1564, and which, no doubt, was the means of many persons being buried alive in Warwickshire. In his "Visits to Remarkable Mansions," William Howitt alludes to the story in the following words: "In the time of some epidemic, the sweating sickness, or the plague [the black plague], this young girl sickened, and, to all appearances, died. She was buried with fearful haste in the vault at Clopton Chapel, attached to Stratford Church, but the sickness was not stayed. In a few days another of the Cloptons died, and him, too, they bore to the ancestral vault; but as they descended the gloomy stairs they saw by the torchlight, Charlotte Clopton, in her grave clothes, leaning against the wall; and when they looked nearer she was indeed dead, but not before, in the agonies of despair and hunger, she had bitten a piece of flesh from her white round arm. Of course she has 'walked' ever since."

If in the case of Charlotte Clopton there are mythical elements which throw doubt on the actuality thereof, it is not so with regard to the mournful fate of Margaret Clopton, whose story Shakespeare has made use of in "Hamlet," the fair Margaret being thought

to be the prototype of the gentle Ophelia. This young and beautiful lady, having fallen in love with a man of whom her parent, Sir William Clopton, disapproved, and being forbidden the society of her lover, sought the only method of escape from a painful thralldom which seems open to lovesick maidens. "Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia," said the troubled Laertes; and the same might be said of Margaret Clopton, for, being wrought up to agony point, she drowned herself in a pond in the grounds of Clopton House, which is shown you to-day, and the legend runs that the fair young lady's spirit still haunts the scene in the silent watches of the night.

Superstitions regarding birds are very extensive in Warwickshire and very steadfastly entertained. The cuckoo during the winter is changed by rustic faith into the sparrowhawk; the yellowhammer is supposed to drink three drops of the devil's blood each May morning; and the robin is believed to have scorched its breast with hell fire, near which it had ventured for a beakful of water. There is also another and far more tender superstition attached to the robin which is faithfully held by village folk of religious inclinations; it is to the effect that the robin crimsoned its breast in administering to the needs of our Saviour when on the cross.

With this, the prettiest and tenderest of all the superstitions at present in vogue in Warwickshire, I bring this paper to a conclusion. The subject is one that is surrounded with the deepest interest, inasmuch as the bent of rustic feeling in this delightful county towards a belief in the supernatural is, as I have attempted to show, almost as strongly marked to-day, in spite of the wide-reaching influence of civilization and education, as it was in the days of Shakespeare; though in his time the aspect of Warwickshire was more calculated to inspire the mind with eerie feelings than it is now.

GEORGE MORLEY.

